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Cowley - A Bold Stroke for a Husband

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A

OLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND;

A Comedy, in Five Acts;

BY MRS. COWLEY.

As Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

AND

PARK THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS, FROM THE
PROMPT BOOK.

With Remarks,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

New-York :

PUBLISHED BY E. B. CLAYTON,
No. 9 Chambers-Street.

1831.



DRAMATIC PERSONAL.

	(Female Characters.)	(Male Characters.)
<i>Donna Victoria</i>	Mrs. Litchfield	Mr. Foot
<i>Donna Laura</i>	Mrs. Dibdin	Mr. Blakeley
<i>Micette</i>	Mrs. Gibbs	Mr. Nexsen
<i>Marcella</i>	Miss Waddy	Mr. Hayden
<i>Sancha</i>	Mrs. Whitmore	Mr. Bissett
<i>Inis</i>	Mrs. Beverly	Mr. Woodruff
<i>Don Vasquez</i>	Mr. Simmons	Mr. Foot
<i>Gasper</i>	Mr. Blanchard	Mr. Blakeley
<i>Pedro</i>	Mr. Harley	Mr. Nexsen
<i>Servants</i>		{ Mr. Hayden
		{ Mr. Bissett
<i>Donna Olivia</i>	Mrs. Glover	Miss Fisher
<i>Donna Victoria</i>	Mrs. Litchfield	Mrs. Hilson
<i>Donna Laura</i>	Mrs. Dibdin	Mrs. Durie
<i>Micette</i>	Mrs. Gibbs	Mrs. Wheatley
<i>Marcella</i>	Miss Waddy	Mrs. Godey
<i>Sancha</i>	Mrs. Whitmore	Miss Turnbull
<i>Inis</i>	Mrs. Beverly	Miss Jessup

SCENE—*Spain.*

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.



REMARKS.

ALTHOUGH "The Bold Stroke for a Husband," by Mrs. Cowley, does not equal "The Bold Stroke for a Wife," by Mrs. Centlivre, either in originality of design, wit, or humour, it has other advantages more honourable to her sex, and more conducive to the reputation of the stage.

Here is contained no oblique insinuation, detrimental to the cause of morality—but entertainment and instruction unite, to make a pleasant exhibition at a theatre, or give an hour's amusement in the closet.

Plays, where the scene is placed in a foreign country, particularly when that country is Spain, have a license to present certain improbabilities to the audience, without incurring the danger of having them called such; and the authoress, by the skill with which she has used this dramatic permittance, in making the wife of Don Carlos pass for a man, has formed a most interesting plot, and embellished it with lively, humorous, and affecting incident.

Still there is another plot, of which Oliva is the heroine, as Victoria is of the foregoing; and this more comic fable, in which the former is chiefly concerned, seems to have been the favourite story of the authoress, as from this she has taken her title.

But if Oliva makes a bold stroke to obtain a husband, surely Victoria makes a still bolder, to preserve one; and there is something less honourable in the enterprises of the young maiden, in order to renounce her state, than in those of a married woman to avert the dangers that are impending over hers.

Whichever of those females becomes the most admired object with the reader, he will not be insensi-

ble in the trials of that other, as in the various inter-
 views of the whole dramatic persons, to whom the
 writer has artfully given a kind of united influence;
 and upon a happy combination it is, that sometimes,
 the success of a drama more depends, than upon the
 most powerful support of any particular prominent,
 yet insulated, character.

The part of Don Vincentio was certainly meant as
 a moral satire upon the extravagant love or the fool-
 ish affectation, of pretending to love, to extrava-
 gance—music. This satire was aimed at so many,
 that the shaft struck none. The charm of music
 still prevails in England, and the folly of affected
 admirers.

Vincentio talks music, and Don Julio speaks
 poetry. Such, at least, is his fond description of
 his mistress Oliva, in that excellent scene in the
 third act, where she first takes off her veil, and fas-
 cinates him at once by the force of her beauty.

In the delineation of this lady, it is implied that
 she is no termagant, although she so frequently
 counterfeits the character. This insinuation the
 reader, if he pleases, may trust—but the man who
 would venture to marry a good impostor of
 this kind, could not excite much pity, if his help-
 mate was often induced to act the part which she
 had heretofore, with so much spirit, assumed.

The impropriety of making fraud and imposition
 necessary evils, to counteract tyranny and injustice,
 is the fault of all Spanish dramas—and perhaps the
 only one which attaches to the present comedy.



A Bold Stroke for a Husband.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street in Madrid.

Enter SANCHA from a House, R. D. She advances, then runs back, and beckons to PEDRO within.

San. Hist ! Pedro ! Pedro !

Enter PEDRO, R. D.

There he is : dost see him ? just turning by St. Antony in the corner. Now, do you tell him that your mistress is not at home ; and if his jealous douship should insist on searching the house, as he did yesterday, say that somebody is ill—the black has got a fever, or that——

Ped. Pho, pho, get you in. Don't I know that the duty of a lacquey in Madrid is to lie with a good grace ? I have been studying it now for a whole week, and I'll defy don or devil to surprise me into a truth. Get you in, I say—here he comes.

[Exit SANCHA, R. D. F.]

Enter CARLOS, L.

[PEDRO struts up to him.] Donna Laura is not at home, sir.

Car. Not at home !—come, sir, what have you received for telling that lie ?

Ped. Lie !—lie !—Signior !—

Car. It must be a lie, by your promptness in delivering it.—What a fool does your mistress trust—A clever rascal would have waited my approach, and, delivering the message with easy coolness, deceived me—*thou* hast been on the watch, and runnest towards me with a face of stupid importance, bawling, that she may hear through the lattice how

Car. Foot!—dost thou trine with me? who is with her?
[Pinching his ear.]

Ped. Oh!—why, nobody, sir—only the pretty young gentleman's valet, waiting for an answer to a letter he brought. There! I have saved my ears at the expense of my place. I have worn this fine coat but a week, and I shall be sent back to Segovia for not being able to lie, though I have been learning the art six days and nights.

Car. Well—come this way—if thou wilt promise to be faithful to me, I will not betray thee: nor at present enter the house.

Ped. Oh, sir, blessings on you!

Car. How often does the pretty young gentleman visit her?

Ped. Every day, sir—If he misses, madam's stark wild.

Car. Where does he live?

Ped. Truly, I know not, sir.

Car. How!

[Menacing.]

Ped. By the honesty of my mother, I cannot tell, sir. She calls him Florio;—that's his christian name—his heathen name I never heard.

Car. You must acquaint me when they are next together.

Ped. Lord, sir, if there should be any blood spilt!

Car. Promise,—or I'll lead thee by the ears to the grotto.

Ped. I promise, I promise.

Car. There, take that, [Gives money.] and if thou



art faithful, I'll treble it. Now go in and be a good lad—and, d'ye hear?—you may tell lies to every body else, but remember you must always speak truth to me.

Ped. I will, sir,—I will.

[*Exit, looking at the money, R. D. F.*

Car. 'Tis well my passion is extinguished, for I can now act with coolness; I'll wait patiently, for the hour of their security, and take them in the softest moments of their love. But if ever I trust to woman more—may every—

Enter two WOMEN, veiled, followed by JULIO, R.]'

Julio. Fie, ladies! keep your curtains drawn so late! The sun is up—'tis time to look abroad—[*Tries to remove the veils.*] Nay, if you are determined on night and silence, I take my leave. A woman without prattle, is like burgundy without spirit.—Bright eyes, to touch me, must belong to sweet tongues.

[*Going, R. Ladies exit L.*

Car. Sure, 'tis Julio. Hey!

Julio. [*Returning.*] Don Carlos? Yes, by all the sober gods of matrimony!—Why, what business, goodman gravity, canst thou have in Madrid? I understand you are married—quietly settled in your own pastures—father of a family, and the instructive companion of country vine dressers—ha! ha!

Car. 'Tis false, by Heaven!—I have forsworn the country—left my family, and run away from my wife.

Julio. Really! then matrimony has not totally destroyed thy free will.

Car. 'Tis with difficulty I have preserved it though; for women, thou knowest, are most unreasonable beings! as soon as I had exhausted my stock of love tales, which, with management, lasted beyond the honey-moon, madam grew sullen,—I found home dull, and amused myself with the pretty peasants of the neighbourhood—Worse and worse!—we had nothing now but faintings, tears and hysterics,

A BOLD STROKE

(Act)

THE MARRIAGE WAS A SUCCESSFUL ONE. — Sir and Mrs. Carlos had just been sleeping just well kiss, in a room long when suddenly I awoke and rushed to Madrid, where, if it was not for the recommendation of the city, I could have got over the bridge of the city, with more spirit than if visiting Arabian or its numerous.

Julio. — Do you find this clog no hindrance in it?

Car. Not much.—In that house there—but, damn her, she's perfidious!—in that house is a woman of beauty, with pretensions to character and fortune, who devoted herself to my passion.

Julio. If she's perfidious, give her to the winds.

Car. Ah, but there is a rub, Julio, I have been a fool—a woman's fool!—In a state of intoxication, she wheedled me, or rather cheated me, out of a settlement.

Julio. Pho! is that—

Car. Oh! but you know not its nature. A settlement of lands, that both honour and gratitude ought to have preserved sacred from such base alienation. In short, if I cannot recover them, I am a ruined man.

Julio. Nay, this seems a worse clog than t'other—Poor Carlos! so bewived and be—

Car. Pr'ythee, have compassion.

Enter a SERVANT, R. with a letter to JULIO; he reads it, and then nods to the SERVANT, who exits, R.

Car. An appointment, I'll be sworn, by that air of mystery and satisfaction—come, be friendly, and communicate.

Julio. [Putting up the letter.] You are married, Carlos;—that's all I have to say—you are married.

Car. Pho! that's past long ago, and ought to be forgotten; but if a man does a foolish thing once

I might have opened the billet, and feasted thee with the sweet meandering strokes at the bottom, which form her name, when——

Car. What, 'tis from a woman then?

Julio. It is.

Car. Handsome?

Julio. Hum—not absolutely handsome, but she'll pass, with one who has not had his taste spoiled by—matrimony.

Car. Malicious dog!—Is she young?

Julio. Under twenty—fair complexion, azure eyes, red lips, teeth of pearl, polished neck, fine turned shape, graceful——

Car. Hold, Julio, if thou lov'st me!—Is it possible she can be so bewitching a creature?

Julio. 'Tis possible—though, to deal plainly, I never saw her; but I love my own pleasure so well, that I could fancy all that, and ten times more.

Car. What star does she inhabit?

Julio. 'Faith, I know not; my orders are to be in waiting, at seven, at the Prado.

Car. Prado!—hey!—gad! can't you take me with you? for though I have forsworn the sex myself, and have done with them for ever, yet I may be of use to you, you know.

Julio. 'Faith, I can't see that—however, as you are a poor wo-begone married mortal, I'll have compassion, and suffer thee to come.

Car. Then I am a man again! Wife, avant! mistress, farewell!—At seven, you say!

Julio. Exactly.

Car. I'll meet thee at Philippi!

[*Exeunt*, JULIO, L. CARLOS, R.]

SCENE II.—*A spacious Garden, belonging to DON CÆSAR.*

Enter MINETTE and INIS, R. 2d E.

Min. There, will that do! My lady sent me to make her up a nosegay; these orange flowers are delicious, and this rose, how sweet?

mistress and mine! Donna Victoria is as much as gentle, as her cousin is too harsh.

Min. Ay, and you see what she gets by it; had she been more spirited, perhaps her husband would not have forsaken her;—men enlisted under the matrimonial banner, like those under the king's, would be often tempted to run away from their colours, if fear did not keep them in dread of desertion.

Inis. If making a husband afraid is the way to keep him faithful, I believe your lady will be the happiest wife in Spain.

Min. Ha! ha! ha! how people may be deceived!—nay, how people are deceived!—but time will discover all things.

Inis. What! what, is there a secret in the business, Minette? if there is, hang time! let's have it directly.

Min. Now, if I dared but tell ye— lud! lud! how I could surprise ye!—

[*Going.*

Inis. [*Stopping her.*] Don't go.

Min. I must go; I am on the very brink of betraying my mistress,—I must leave you—mercy upon me!—it rises like new bread.

Inis. I hope it will choke ye, if you stir till I know all.

Min. Will you never breathe a syllable?

Inis. Never.

Min. Will you strive to forget it the moment you have heard it?

Inis. I'll swear to myself forty times a-day to forget it.

Min. You are sure you will not let me stir from this spot till you know the whole?

Inis. Not as far as a thrush hops.

Min. So! now, then, in one word,—here it goes. Though every body supposes my lady an arrant scold, she's no more a— [Looking out.

Don Cæsar. [Without, L.] Out upon't, e—h—h!

Min. Oh, St. Gerome!—here is her father, and his privy counsellor, Gasper. I can never communicate a secret in quiet. Well! come to my chamber, for, now my hand's in, you shall have the whole,—I would not keep it another day to be confident to an infant. [Exeunt, R.

Enter DON CÆSAR and GASPER, L.

Gasp. Take comfort, sir; take comfort.

Cæsar. Take it;—why, where the devil shall I find it? You may say, take physic, sir, or, take poison, sir—they are to be had; but what signifies bidding me take comfort, when I can neither buy it, beg it, nor steal it?

Gasp. But patience will bring it, sir.

Cæsar. 'Tis false, sirrah.—Patience is a cheat, and the man that ranked her with the cardinal virtues was a fool. I have had patience at bed and board these three long years, but the comfort she promised, has never called in with a civil how d'ye?

Gasp. Ay, sir, but you know the poets say that the twin sister and companion of comfort is good humour. Now if you would but drop that agreeable acidity, which is so conspicuous—

Cæsar. Then let my daughter drop her perverse humour; 'tis a more certain bar to marriage than ugliness or folly; and will send me to my grave, at last, without male heirs. [Crying.] How many have laid siege to her! But that humour of hers, like the works of Gibraltar, no Spaniard can find pregnable,

Gasp. Ay, well—Troy held out but ten years—

asp. The very step I was going to recomme
sir. You are but a young gentleman of sixty-th
I take it; and a husband of sixty-three, who m
ries a wife of nineteen, will never want heirs, t
my word for it.

Cæsar. What! do you joke, sirrah?

Gasp. Oh no, sir—not if you are serious.
think it would be one of the pleasantest things
the world—Madam would throw a new life into
family; and when you are above stairs in the g
sir, the music of her concerts, and the spirit of
converzationes, would reach your sick bed, and
a thousand times more comforting than flannels ;
panada.

Cæsar. Come, come, I understand ye.—But t
daughter of mine—I shall give her but two chan
more.—Don Garcia and Don Vicentio will b
be here-to day, and if she plays over the old gar
I'll marry to-morrow morning, if I hang myself
next.

Gasp. You decide right, signor; at sixty-three
marriage noose and the hempen noose should
ways go together.

Cæsar. Why, you dog you, do you suppos
There's Don Garcia—there he is coming thro
the portico. Run to my daughter, and bid her
member what I have said to her. [*Exit GASP*
She has had her lesson—but another mem
mayn't be amiss—a young slut! pretty, and wi
and rich—a match for a prince, and yet—but hi
—Not a word to my young man; if I can

keep him in ignorance till he is married, he must make the best of his bargain afterwards, as other honest men have done before him.

Enter GARCIA, L.

Welcome, Don Garcia ! why, you are rather before your time.

Gar. Gallantry forbid that I should not, when a fair lady is concerned. Should Donna Olivia welcome me as frankly as you do, I shall think I have been tardy.

Cæsar. When you made your overtures, signor, I understood it was from inclination to be allied to my family, not from a particular passion to my daughter. Have you ever seen her ?

Gar. But once—that transiently—yet sufficient to convince me that she is charming.

Cæsar. Why, yes, though I say it, there are few prettier women in Madrid ; and she has got enemies amongst her own sex accordingly. They pretend to say that—I say, sir, they have reported that she is not blessed with that kind of docility and gentleness that a—now, though she may not be so very placid, and insipid, as some young women, yet, upon the whole—

Gar. Oh, fie, sir !—not a word—a beauty cannot be ill-tempered ; gratified vanity keeps her in good humour with herself, and every body about her.

Cæsar. Yes, as you say—vanity is a prodigious sweetener ; and Olivia, considering how much she has been humoured, is as gentle and pliant as—

Enter MINETTE, R.

Min. Oh, sir ! shield me from my mistress—She is in one of her old tempers—the whole house is in an uproar.—I cannot support it !

Cæsar. Hush !

Min. No, sir, I can't hush—a saint could not bear it. I am tired of her tyranny, and must quit her service.

Cæsar. Then quit it in a moment—go to my

steward, and receive your wages—go—begone. 'Tis a cousin of my daughter's she is speaking of.

Min. A cousin, sir!—No, 'tis Donna Olivia, your daughter—my mistress. Oh, sir! you seem to be a sweet, tender-hearted young gentleman—'twould move you to pity if—

[To GARCIA.]

Cæsar. I'll move you, hussy, to some purpose, if you don't move off.

Gar. I am really confounded—can the charming Olivia—

Cæsar. Spite, sir—mere malice! my daughter has refused her some cast gown, or some—

Olivia. [Without. R.] Where is she?—Where is Minette?

Cæsar. Oh, 'tis all over!—the tempest is coming.

Enter OLIVIA, R.

Oliv. Oh, you vile creature!—to speak to me!—to answer me!—am I made to be answered?

Cæsar. Daughter! daughter!

Oliv. Because I threw my work-bag at her, she had the insolence to complain; and, on my repeating it, said she would not bear it.—Servants choose what they shall bear!

Min. When you are married, ma'am, I hope your husband will bear your humour less patiently than I have done.

Oliv. My husband!—dost think my husband shall contradict my will? Oh, I long to set a pattern to those milky wives, whose mean compliances degrade the sex.

Gar. Opportune!

[Aside.]

Oliv. The only husband on record who knew how to treat a wife was Socrates; and though his lady was a Grecian, I have some reason to believe her descendants matched into our family; and never shall my tame submission disgrace my ancestry.

Gar. Heavens! why have you never curbed this intemperate spirit, Don Cæsar?

[R. of OLIVIA.]

Oliv. [Starting.] Curbed, sir! talk thus to your groom—curbs and bridles for a woman's tongue!

Gar. Not for yours, lady, truly! 'tis too late. But had the torrent, not so overbearing, been taken at its spring, it might have been stemmed, and turned in gentle streamlets at the master's pleasure.

Oliv. A mistake, friend!—my spirit, at its spring, was too powerful for any master.

Gar. Indeed!—perhaps you may meet a Petruccio, gentle Catherine, yet.

Oliv. But no gentle Catherine will he find me, believe it.—Catherine! why, she had not the spirit of a roasted chestnut—a few big words, an empty oath, and a scanty dinner, made her as submissive as a spaniel. My fire will not be so soon extinguished—it shall resist big words, oaths, and starving.

Min. I believe so, indeed; help the poor gentleman, I say, to whose fate you fall! [*Returns up.*]

Gar. Don Cæsar, adieu! My commiseration for your fate subdues the resentment I should otherwise feel at your endeavouring to deceive me into such a marriage. [*Crosses, l.*]

Oliv. Marriage! oh, mercy!—Is this Don Garcia! [*Apart to CÆSAR.*]

Cæsar. Yes, termagant!

Oliv. O, what a misfortune! Why did you not tell me it was the gentleman you designed to marry me to?—Oh, sir! all that is past was in sport; a contrivance between my maid and me: I have no spirit at all—I am as patient as poverty.

Gar. This mask fits too ill on your features, fair lady: I have seen you without disguise, and rejoice in your ignorance of my name, since, but for that, my peaceful home might have become the seat of perpetual discord.

Min. Ay, sir, you would never have known what a quiet hour— [*On R. of Olivia.*]

Oliv. [*Strikes her.*] Impertinence! Indeed, sir, I can be as gentle and forbearing as a pet lamb.

Gar. I cannot doubt it, madam; the proofs of your placidity are very striking—But adieu! though I shall pray for your conversion, rather than have the

madam ; though there is not, in all Spain
of prettier conversation.

Oliv. Yes he has a very pretty kind of ec-
tion ; 'tis like a parenthesis.

Cæsar. Like a parenthesis !

Oliv. Yes, it might be all left out, and
missed. However, I thought him a modest
a well-meaning young man, and that he
make a pretty sort of a husband—for notwi-
ing his blustering, had I been his wife, in
months he should have been as humble and
plaisant as—

Cæsar. Ay, there it is—there it is !—that
yours, hussy, you can neither conquer nor c-
but I'll find a way to tame it, I'll warrant I

[*Exit, R. OLIVIA and MINETTE follow h-*
their eyes, and then burst into a laugh.

Min. Well, madam, I give you joy ! had I
dies as much success in getting lovers, as you
in getting rid of yours, what contented f-
should see !

Oliv. But to what purpose do I get rid of
whilst they rise in succession like monthly
Was there ever any thing so provoking
some quiet, and believing the men had ec-
trouble themselves about me, no less than t-
posals have been made to my inexorable fat-
very day—What will become of me ?

Min. What should become of you ? You'
one from the pair, I hope. Believe me, I
the only way to get rid of the impertinent

lovers, is to take one, and make him a scarecrow to the rest.

Oliv. Oh, but I cannot!—Invention assist me this one day!

Min. Upon my word, madam, invention owes you nothing; and I am afraid you can draw on that bank no longer.—You must trust to your established character of vixen.

Oliv. But that won't frighten them all, you know, though it did its business with sober Don Garcia, The brave General Antonio would have made a property of me, in spite of every thing, had I not luckily discovered his antipathy to cats, and so scared the hero, by pretending an immoderate passion for young kittens.

Min. Yes, but you was still harder pushed by the Castilian Count, and his engraved genealogy from Noah.

Oliv. Oh, he would have kept his post as immovably as the griffins at his gate, had I not very seriously imparted to him, that my mother's great uncle sold oranges in Arragon.

Min. And pray, madam, if I may be so bold, who is the next gentleman?

Oliv. Oh, Don Vicentio, who distracts every body with his skill in music. He ought to be married to a Viol de Gamba. I bless my stars I have never yet had a miser in my list—on such a character all art would be lost, and nothing but an earthquake, to swallow up my estate, could save me.

Min. Well, if some one did but know, how happy would some one be, that for his sake—

Oliv. Now, don't be impertinent, Minette. You have several times attempted to slide yourself into a secret, which I am resolved to keep to myself. Continue faithful, and suppress your curiosity.

[*Exit, r.*]

Min. Suppress my curiosity, madam!—why, I am a chambermaid, and a sorry one too, it should seem, to have been in your confidence two years,

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at DONNA LAURA'S.*

Enter LAURA, followed by CARLOS, L.

Car. Nay, madam, you may as well stop here, for I'll follow you through every apartment, but I will be heard. [*Seizing her hand.*]

Laura. This insolence is not to be endured; within my own walls to be thus——

Car. The time has been, when within your walls I might be master.

Laura. Yes, you were then master of my heart; that gave you a right which——

Car. You have now transferred to another.

[*Flinging away her hand.*]

Laura. Well, sir!

Car. "Well, sir!"—Unblushing acknowledgment! False, fickle woman!

Laura. Because I have luckily got the start of you; in a few weeks I should have been the accuser, and you the false and fickle.

Car. And to secure yourself from that disgrace, you prudently looked out in time for another lover.

Laura. I can pardon your sneer, because you are mortified.

Car. Mortified!

Laura. Yes, mortified to the soul, Carlos!

Car. [*Stamping.*] Madam! madam!

Laura. This rage would have been all cool insolence had I waited for your change—Scarcely would you have deigned to form a phrase of pity for me; perhaps have bid me forget a man no longer worthy my attachment, and recommended me to hartshorn and my women.

Car. Has any hour, since I have first known you, given you cause for such unjust—

Laura. Yes, every hour—Now, Carlos I bring thee to the test!—You saw, you liked, you loved me; was there no fond trusting woman whom you deserted, to indulge the transient passion? Yes, one blessed with beauty, gentleness, and youth; one, who more than her own being loved thee, who made thee rich, and whom thou madest thy wife.

Car. My wife!—here's a turn! So to revenge the quarrels of my wife.—

Laura. No, do not mistake me—what I have done was merely to indulge myself, without more regard to your feelings, than you had to hers.

Car. And you dare avow to my face, that you have a passion for another?

Laura. I do, and—for I am above disguise, I confess, so tender is my love for Florio, it has scarcely left a trace of that I once avowed for Carlos.

Car. Well, madam, if I hear this without some sudden vengeance on the tongue which speaks it, thank the annihilation of that passion, whose remembrance is as dead in my bosom as in yours. Let us, however, part friends, and with a mutual acquittal of every obligation—so give up the settlement of that estate, which left me almost a beggar.

Laura. Give it up!—ha! ha!—no, Carlos, you consigned me that estate as a proof of love; do not imagine, then, I'll give up the only part of our connexion of which I am not ashamed.

Car. Base woman! you know it was not a voluntary gift—after having in vain practised on my fondness, whilst in a state of intoxication, you prevailed

on me to sign the deed, which you had prepared for the purpose—therefore you will lose it.

Luca. Never, never.

Car. Hark in the word!—I will it buy damn, or I'll be engaged in time in thy dearest object—thy nation, Florio!—No sign on my fortune.

Luca. Ha, ha! but Florio is safe—you are sold, and in another country we shall enjoy blessing of thy fond passion, whilst that pa indulging itself in hatred and execrations. [

Car. My vengeance shall first fall on her. [ing.] No, he shall be the first victim, or 'twil complete.—Reduced to poverty, I cannot live Oh, folly! where are now all the gilded prizes of my youth? Had I—but 'tis too late back,—remorse attends the past, and ruin waits me in the future! [

SCENE II.—DON CÆSAR'S.

VICTORIA enters, L., perusing a letter; e OLIVIA, R.

Oliv. [*Speaks as entering.*] If my father inquire for me, tell him I am in Donna Vi apartment.—Smiling, I protest! my dear cousin, where have you purchased that su look?

Vict. It is but April sunshine, I fear; b could resist such a temptation to smile?

rob your husband of his charmer's heart! you must have used some witchery.

Vict. Yes, powerful witchery—the knowledge of my sex. Oh! did the men but know us, as well as we do ourselves;—but, thank fate they do not—'t would be dangerous.

Oliv. What, I suppose, you praised her understanding, was captivated by her wit, and absolutely struck dumb by the amazing beauties of—her mind.

Vict. Oh, no,—that's the mode prescribed by the essayists on the female heart—ha! ha! ha!—Not a woman breathing, from fifteen to fifty, but would rather have a compliment to the tip of her ear, or the turn of her ankle, than a volume in praise of her intellects.

Oliv. So, flattery, then, is your boasted pill?

Vict. No, that's only the occasional gilding; but 'tis in vain to attempt a description of what changed its nature with every moment. I was now attentive—now gay—then tender, then careless. I strove rather to convince her that I was charming, than that I myself was charmed; and when I saw love's arrow quivering in her heart, instead of falling at her feet, sung a triumphant air, and remembered a sudden engagement.

Oliv. [*Archly.*] Would you have done so, had you been a man?

Vict. Assuredly—knowing what I now do as a woman.

Oliv. But can all this be worth while, merely to rival a fickle husband with one woman, whilst he is setting his feather, perhaps, at half a score others?

Vict. To rival him was not my first motive. The Portuguese robbed me of his heart; I concluded she had fascinations which nature had denied to me; it was impossible to visit her as a woman; I, therefore, assumed the Cavalier, to study her, that I might, if possible, be to my Carlos, all he found in her.

Oliv. Pretty humble creature?

Vict. In this adventure I learnt more than I ex-

myself—my wife would my husband had given this man an estate, almost all that his dissipation had left me.

Oliv. Indeed!

Vict. To make him more culpable, it was my fate; it is that fortune which my lavish love had made his, without reserving it for my children.

Oliv. How could you be so imprudent?

Vict. Alas! I trusted him with my heart, with my happiness, without restriction. Should I have shown greater solicitude for any thing, than for these?

Oliv. The event proves that you should; but how can you be thus passive in your sorrow? since I had assumed the man, I'd make him feel a man's resentment for such injuries.

Vict. Oh, Olivia! what resentment can I show to him I have vowed to honour, and whom, both by duty and my heart compel me yet to love.

Oliv. Why, really now, I think—positively, there's no thinking about it; 'tis among the arcana of the married life, I suppose.

Vict. You, who know me, can judge how I suffered in prosecuting my plan. I have thrown off the delicacy of sex; I have worn the mask of love to the destroyer of my peace—but the object is too great to be abandoned—nothing less than to save my husband from ruin, and to restore him, again a lover, to my faithful bosom.

Oliv. Well, I confess, Victoria, I hardly know whether most to blame or praise you; but, with the rest of the world, I suppose, your success will determine me.

Enter GASP, L.

Gasp. Pray, madam, are your wedding shoes ready?

[To OLIVIA.]

Oliv. Insolence!—I can scarcely ever keep up

Oliv. I want wedding shoes to-morrow! if you are kept on water gruel till I marry, that plump face of yours will be chap-fallen, I believe.

Gasp. Yes, truly, I believe so too. Lackaday, did you suppose I came to bring you news of your own wedding? no such glad tidings for you, lady, believe me.—You married! I am sure the man who ties himself to you, ought to be half a salamander, and able to live in fire.

Oliv. What marriage, then, is it, you do me the honour to inform me of?

Gasp. Why, your father's marriage. You'll have a mother-in-law to-morrow, and having, like a dutiful daughter, danced at the wedding, be immured in a convent for life.

Oliv. Immured in a convent! then I'll raise sedition in the sisterhood, depose the abness, and turn the confessor's chair to a go-cart.

Gasp. So, the threat of the mother-in-law, which I thought would be worse than that of the abness, does not frighten ye?

Oliv. No, because my father dares not give me one.—Marry, without my consent! no, no, he'll never think of it, depend on't; however, lest the fit should grow strong upon him, I'll go and administer my volatiles to keep it under. [Exit L. H.]

Gasp. Administer them cautiously then: too strong a dose of your volatiles would make the fit stubborn. Who'd think that pretty arch look belonged to a termagant? what a pity! 'twould he worth a thousand ducats to cure her.

Vict. Has Inis told you I wanted to converse with you in private, Gasper?

Gasp. Oh, yes, madam, and I took particular notice, that it was to be in private.—Sure, says I, Mrs. Inis, Madam Victoria has not taken a fancy to me, and is going to break her mind.

Vict. Whimsical! ha! ha! suppose I should, Gasper?

Gasp. Why, then, madam, I should say, fortune

Gasp. Any thing you'll direct, mamma, & dancing a fandango.

Vict. You have seen my rich old uncle in the try ?

Gasp. What, Don Sancho, who, with two of a century in his face, affects the misdemmean youth ; hides his baldness with amber locks complains of the tooth-ache, to make you be that the two rows of ivory he carries in his grew there ?

Vict. Oh, you know him, I find ; could you make his character for an hour, and make love for you know, it must be in the style of King Roderigo the First.

Gasp. Hang it ! I am rather too near his own to appear an old man with effect, one should be above twenty ; 'tis always so on the stage.

Vict. Pho ! you might pass for Juan's grandfather.

Gasp. Nay, if your ladyship condescends to love me, you have me.

Vict. Then follow me ; for Don Cæsar, I have been approaching—in the garden I'll make you acquainted with my plan, and impress on your mind the trait of my uncle's character. If you can hide off, the arts of Laura shall be foiled, and Car again Victoria's. [Exeunt]

Enter DON CÆSAR, followed by OLIVIA,

Cæsar. No, no, 'tis too late—no coaxings ; resolved, I say.

Oliv. But it is not too late, and you shan't

solved, I say. Indeed, now, I'll be upon my guard with the next Don—what's his name? not a trace of the Xantippe left.—I'll study to be charming.

Cesar. Nay, you need not study it, you are always charming enough, if you would but hold your tongue.

Oliv. Do you think so? then to the next lover I won't open my lips; I'll answer every thing he says with a smile, and if he asks me to have him, drop a courtesy of thankfulness.

Cesar. Pshaw! that's too much t'other way; you are always either above the mark or below it; you must talk, but talk with good humour. Can't you look gently and prettily, now, as I do? and say, yes, sir, and no, sir; and 'tis very fine weather, sir; and pray, sir, were you at the ball last night? and, I caught a sad cold the other evening; and bless me! I hear Lucinda has run away with her footman, and Don Philip has married his housemaid?—That's the way agreeable ladies talk; you never hear any thing else.

Oliv. Very true; and you shall see me as agreeable as the best of them, if you won't give me a mother-in-law to snub me, and set me tasks, and to take up all the fine apartments, and send up poor little Livy to lodge next the stars.

Cesar. Ha! if thou wert but always thus soft and good-humoured, no mother-in-law in Spain, though she brought the Castiles for her portion, should have power to snub thee. But, Livy, the trial's at hand, for at this moment do I expect Don Vicentio to visit you. He is but just returned from England, and, probably, has yet heard only of your beauty and fortune; I hope it is not from you he will learn the other part of your character.

Oliv. This moment expect him! two new lovers in a day?

Cesar. Beginning already, as I hope to live! ay, I see 'tis in vain; I'll send him an excuse, and marry Marcella before night.

Oliv. Oh, no! upon my obedience, I promise to be just the soft, civil creature, you have described.

Enter DON JULIO, L.

Don. Don Vincentio is in-law, sir. [*Exit*]
Cæsar. I'll write upon him—well, you will call
 all your notes and your scraps, and compound
 I have said to you—the pretty, but talk pretty in
 small talk of ye be, and if you please him, you sh
 have the portion of a Dutch boy's daughter—laugh
 and the you money in a picture, you jade, you.

think at last, I have done it; the fear of this mothe
 in-law will keep down the fiend in her, if any thi
 can. [*Exit,*

Oliv. Hah! my poor father, your anxieties w
 never end till you bring Don Julio. But what shall
 do with this Vincentio?—I fear he is so perfectly ha
 monized, that to put him in an ill temper will be in
 practicable.—I must try, however; if 'tis possible, I
 find a discord in him, I'll touch the string. [*Exit,*

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment,*

Enter CÆSAR and VINCENTIO, L.

Vin. Presto, presto, signior! where is the Olivia
 —not a moment to spare. I left off in all the fu
 of composition; minims and crotchets have bee
 battling it through my head the whole day, and tr
 ing a semibreve in G sharp, has made me as flat :
 double F.

Cæsar. Sharp and flat!—trying a semibreve!—c
 —gad, sir! I had like not to have understood you
 but a semibreve is something of a demi-culverin,
 take it; and you have been practising the art militar

Vin. Art military!—what, sir! are you una
 quainted with music?

Cæsar. Music! oh, I ask pardon: then you a

in composing a passage in E octave ; if it does not gain more elastic vigour in a week, I shall be tempted to have it amputated, and supply the shake with a spring.

Cæsar. Mercy ! amputate a finger, to supply a shake !

Vin. Oh, that's a trifle in the road to reputation—to be talked of, is the summum bonum of this life.—A young man of rank should not glide through the world, without a distinguished rage, or, as they call it in England—a hobby-horse.

Cæsar. A hobby horse !

Vin. Yes ; that is, every man of figure determines on setting out in life, in that land of liberty, in what line to ruin himself ; and that choice is called his hobby-horse. One makes the turf his scene of action—another drives about tall phaetons, to peep into their neighbour's garret windows ; and a third rides his hobby-horse in parliament, where it jerks him sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other ; sometimes in, and sometimes out ; till at length, he is jerked out of his honesty, and his constituents out of their freedom.

Cæsar. Ay ! Well, 'tis a wonder, that with such sort of hobby-horses as these, they should still outride all the world, to the goal of glory.

Vin. This is all cantabile ; nothing to do with the subject of the piece, which is Donna Olivia ;—pray give me the key note to her heart.

Cæsar. Upon my word, signor, to speak in your own phrase, I believe that note has never yet been sounded.—Ah ! here she comes ! look at her.—Isn't she a fine girl ?

Vin. Touching ! Musical, I'll be sworn ! her very air is harmonious !

Cæsar. [*Aside.*] I wish thou may'st find her tongue so.

Enter OLIVIA, courtesies profoundly to each. R.

Daughter, receive Don Vincentio—his rank, fortune,

*Oh how larghetto is the heart,
That charms so fort  can defy !*

Donna Olivia, will you be contented to receive me a lover ?

Oliv. Yes, sir—No, sir.

Vin. Yes, sir ! no, sir ! bewitching timidity ?

C sar. Yes, sir, she's remarkably timid,—St in the right cue, I see. [*Asi*

Vin. 'Tis clear you have never travelled.—I sh be delighted to show you England.—You will th see how entirely timidity is banished the sex. Y must affect a marked character, and maintain it all hazards.

Oliv. 'Tis a very fine day, sir.

Vin. Madam !

Oliv. I caught a sad cold the other evening.—Pr was you at the ball last night ?

Vin. What ball, fair lady ?

Oliv. Bless me ! they say, Lucinda has run aw with her footman, and Don Philip has married house-maid. Now, am I not very agreeable ?

[*Apart to DON C sar*

C sar. O, such perverse obedience !

Vin. Really, madam, I have not the honour know Don Philip and Lucinda—nor am I ha enough, entirely to comprehend you.

Oliv. No ! I only meant to be agreeable—but, p haps, you have no taste for pretty little small talk

Vin. Pretty little small talk !

Oliv. A marked character you admire ; so do dote on it.—I would not resemble the rest of world in any thing.

Vin. My taste to the fiftieth part of a crotchet!—
We shall agree admirably when we are married!

Oliv. And that will be unlike the rest of the world,
and therefore, charming!

Cæsar. [*Aside.*] It will do! I have hit her humour
at last. Why didn't this young dog offer himself be-
fore?

Oliv. I believe, I have the honour to carry my
taste that way, farther than you, Don Vincentio.
Pray, now, what is your usual style in living?

Vin. My winters I spend in Madrid, as other peo-
ple do. My summers I draw through at my cas-
tle——

Oliv. As other people do!—and yet you pretend
to taste and singularity, ha! ha! ha! Good Don Vin-
centio, never talk of a marked character again. Go
into the country in July, to smell roses and woodbines,
when every body regales on their fragrance! Now, I
would rusticate only in winter, and my bleak castle
should be decorated with verdure and flowers, amidst
the soft zephyrs of December.

Cæsar. [*Aside.*] Oh, she'll go too far!

Oliv. On the leafless trees I would hang green
branches—the labour of silk worms, and therefore,
natural; whilst my rose shrubs and myrtles should be
scented by the first perfumers in Italy. Unnatural,
indeed, but, therefore, singular and striking.

Vin. Oh, charming! You beat me, where I thought
myself the strongest. Would they but establish
newspapers here, to paragraph our singularities, we
should be the most envied couple in Spain!

Cæsar. [*Aside.*] By St. Antony, he is as mad as
she is!

Vin. What say you, Don Cæsar? Olivia, and her
winter garden, and I and my music.

Oliv. Music, did you say? Music! I am passion-
ately fond of that!

Cæsar. She has saved my life! I thought she was
going to knock down his hobby-horse. [*Aside.*]

Vin. You enchant me! I have the finest band in Ma-

trials—My lute is gone, always a luteist how the
 with your company, my lute is gone—
 and I have—such young ones!

Oliv.—Gentle!—Pardon me, please—My lute
 is gone—
 instrument.

Fin.—What's gone, your lute, or your lute?
 I have it, and I'll be content to play on it, if I
 have it, and I'll be content to play on it, if I

Oliv.—But my nerves are—like every body's
 nerves are so particularly fine, that more than
 instrument overpowers them.

Fin.—Pray tell me the name of that one: I
 it must be the most elegant and captivating
 world.—I am impatient to know it.—We'll
 other instrument in Spain, and I will study to
 its master, that I may woo you with its
 Charming Olivia! tell me, is it a harpsichord
 and forte? a pentachord? a harp?

Oliv.—You have it, you have it; a harp—
 Jew's-harp is, to me, the only instrument. A
 not charmed with the delightful h—u—m of it
 running on the ear, like the distant rumble of
 coach? It presents the idea of vastness and
 tance to the mind. The moment you are its
 —I'll give you my hand.

Fin.—Da capo, madam, da capo! a Jew's

Oliv.—Bless me, sir, don't I tell you so?
 chill me; clarionets, by sympathy, hurt my
 and, instead of maintaining a band under my
 would not keep a servant, who knew a bassoon
 a flute, or could tell whether he heard a jig,
 canzonetta.

Caesar.—Oh thou perverse one! you know ye
 concerts—you know you do. [*In great agi*]

Oliv.—I detest them! It's vulgar custom
 teaches people to the sound of fifty different
 ments at once: 'twould be as well to talk on the
 subject, in fifty different tongues. A band
 mere olio of sound! I'd rather listen to a three-
 ed guitar serenading a sempstress in some neig
 ing garret.

Cæsar. Oh you—Don Vincentio, [*Crosses, c.*] this is nothing but perverseness, wicked perverseness. Hussy!—didn't you shake, when you mentioned a garret? didn't bread and water, and a step-mother, come into your head at the same time?

Vin. Piano, piano, good sir! Spare yourself all farther trouble. Should the Princess of Guzzarat, and all her diamond mines, offer themselves, I would not accept them, in lieu of my band—a band, that has half ruined me to collect. I would have allowed Donna Olivia a blooming garden in winter; I would even have procured barrenness and snow for her in the dog-days; but, to have my band insulted!—to have my knowledge in music slighted!—to be roused from all the energies of composition, by the drone of a Jew's-harp, I cannot breathe under the idea.

Cæsar. Then—then you refuse her, sir!

Vin. I cannot use so harsh a word—I take my leave of the lady.—Adieu, madam—I leave you to enjoy your solos, whilst I fly to the raptures of a crash. [*Exit, L.*]

[*CÆSAR goes up to her, and looks her in the face; then goes off without speaking, L.*]

Oliv. Mercy; that silent anger is terrifying: I read a young mother-in-law, and an old lady abbess, in every line of his face.

Enter VICTORIA, R.

Well, you heard the whole, I suppose—heard poor unhappy me scorned and rejected,

Vict. I heard you in imminent danger; and expected Signor Da Capo would have snapped you up, in spite of caprice and extravagance.

Oliv. Oh, they charmed, instead of scaring him. I soon found, that my only chance was to fall across his caprice. Where is the philosopher who could withstand that?

Vict. But what, my good cousin, does all this tend to?

Oliv. I dare say you can guess. Penelope had ne-

ver cheated her lovers with a never-ending web, had she not had an Ulysses.

Vict. An Ulysses! what, are you then married?

Oliv. O no, not yet! but, believe me, my design is not to lead apes; nor is my heart an icicle. If you choose to know more, put on your veil, and slip with me through the garden, to the Prado.

Vict. I can't, indeed. I am this moment going to dress *en homme* to visit the impatient Portuguese.

Oliv. Send an excuse; for, positively, you go with me. Heaven and earth! I am going to meet a man! whom I have been fool enough, to dream and think of these two years, and I don't know that ever he thought of me in his life.

Vict. Two years discovering that?

Oliv. He has been abroad. The only time I ever saw him was at the Duchess of Medina's—there were a thousand people; and he was so elegant, so careless, so handsome!—In a word, though he set off for France the next morning, by some witchcraft or other, he has been before my eyes ever since.

Vict. Was the impression mutual?

Oliv. He hardly noticed me. I was then a bashful thing just out of a convent, and shrunk from observation.

Vict. Why, I thought you were going to meet him.

Oliv. To be sure; I sent him a command this morning, to be at the Prado. I am determined to find out if his heart is engaged, and if it is——

Vict. You'll cross your arms, and crown your brow with willows?

Oliv. No, positively; not whilst we have myrtles. I would prefer Julio, 'tis true, to all his sex; but if he is stupid enough to be insensible to me, I shan't for that reason, pine like a girl, on chalk and oatmeal.—No, no; in that case, I shall form a new plan, and treat my future lovers with more civility.

Vict. You are the only woman in love, I ever heard talk reasonably.

. Well, prepare for the Prado, and I'll give
 lesson against your days of widowhood.
 you wish this the moment, Victoria? A pretty
 at four-and-twenty has more subjects, and
 r empire, than the first monarch upon earth.
 to see you in your weeds.

. Never may you see them! Oh, Olivia! my
 less, my life, depend on my husband. The
 ope of still being united to him, gives me
 in my affliction, and enables me to support
 the period of his neglect with patience.

[*Exeunt, R.*

—◆—

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A long Street.*

*enters from a Garden Gate in flat, with pre-
 tion; a SERVANT, within, fastens the Gate.*

o. Yes, yes, bar the gate fast, Cerberus, lest
 other curious traveller should stumble on your
 is.—If ever I am so caught again—

IA *enters, L.; going hastily across, JULIO
 seizes him.*

arcia, never make love to a woman in a

. Why so, pr'ythee? Veils and secrecy are the
 ingredients in a Spanish amour; but in two
 Julio, thou art grown absolutely French,

o. That may be; but if ever I trust to a veil
 may no lovely, blooming beauty ever trust
 Why dost know, I have been an hour at the
 a creature, whose first birth-day must have
 kept the latter end of the last century, and
 trembling, weak voice, I mistook for the ti-
 dence of bashful fifteen!

. Ha! ha! ha! What a happiness to have seen

thee in thy raptures, petitioning for half a glance only, of the charms the envious veil concealed!

Julio. Yes; and when she unveiled her Gothic countenance, to render the thing completely ridiculous, she began moralizing; and positively would not let me out of the snare, till I had persuaded her she had worked a conversion, and that I'd never make love—but in an honest way, again.

Gar. Oh, that honest way of love-making is delightful, to be sure! I had a dose of it this morning; but, happily, the ladies have not yet learned to veil their tempers, though they have their faces.

Enter DON VINCENTIO, R.

Vin. Julio! Garcia! congratulate me!—Such an escape!
Crosses to c.

Julio. What have you escaped?

Vin. Matrimony.

Gar. Nay, then our congratulations may be mutual. I have had a matrimonial escape too, this very day. I was almost on the brink of the ceremony with the veriest Xantippe!

Vin. Oh, that was not my case—mine was a sweet creature, all elegance, all life.

Julio. Then where's the cause of congratulation?

Vin. Cause! why she's ignorant of music! prefers a jig to a canzonetta, and a Jew's-harp to a pentachord.

Gar. Had my nymph no other fault, I would pardon that, for she was lovely and rich.

Vin. Mine, too, was lovely and rich; and, I'll be sworn, as ignorant of scolding, as of the gama!—but not to know music!

Julio. Gentle, lovely, and rich! and ignorant only of music?

Gar. A venial crime indeed! if the sweet creature will marry me, she shall carry a Jew's-harp always in her train, as a Scotch laird does his bagpipes. I wish you'd give me your interest.

Vin. Oh, most willingly, if thou hast so gross an

ion; I'll name thee as a dull-souled, largo to her father, Don Cæsar.

Cæsar! what Don Cæsar?

De Zuniga.

Impossible!

Oh, I'll answer for her mother. So much Zuniga, her father, that he does not know reve from a culverin!

The name of the lady?

Olivia.

Why you must be mad—that's my term—

Termagant!—ha! ha! ha! Thou hast come vixen of a mistress, who infects thy ears; the whole sex. Olivia is timid and elegant.

By Juno, there never existed such a scold!

By Orpheus, there never was a gayer temperament!—Spirit enough to be charming, ll. If she loved harmony, I'd marry her to—

Ha! ha! what a ridiculous jangle! 'Tis you speak of two different women.

I speak of Donna Olivia, heiress to Don de Zuniga.

I speak of the heiress of Don Cæsar de Zuhos called Donna Olivia.

Sir, I perceive you mean to insult me.

Your perceptions are very rapid, sir, but if you choose to think so, I'll settle that point with you privately: But for fear of consequences, I'll fly and add the last bar to my concerto, and then you where you please. [*Crosses, L.*

. Pho! this is evidently misapprehension. s, c.] To clear the matter up, I'll visit the you'll introduce me, Vincentio;—but you both promise to be governed in this dispute, by reason.

I'll introduce you with joy, if you'll try to relieve her of the necessity of music, and the want of harmony.

Gar. Yes, she needs that—You'll find her all jar and discord.

Julio. Come, no more, Garcia; thou art but a sort of male vixen thyself. Melodious Vincentio, when shall I expect you?

Vin. This evening.

Julio. Not this evening; I have engaged to meet a goldfinch in a grove—then I shall have music, you rogue!

Vin. It won't sing at night.

Julio. Then I'll talk to it till the morning, and hear it pour out its matins to the rising sun. Call on me to-morrow; I'll then attend you to Donna Olivia, and declare faithfully the impression her character makes on me.—Come, Garcia, I must not leave you together, lest his crotchets and your minuums should fall into a crash of discords.

[*Exeunt, VINCENTIO, L., JULIO and GARCIA, R.*]

SCENE II.—*The Prado.*

Enter DON CARLOS, R.

Car. All hail to the powers of burgundy! Three flasks to my own share! What sorrows can stand against three flasks of burgundy? I was a damned melancholy fellow this morning, going to shoot myself, to get rid of my troubles.—Where are my troubles now? Gone to the moon, to look for my wits; and there I hope they'll remain together, if one cannot come back without t'other. But where is this indolent dog, Julio? He fit to receive appointments from ladies! Sure I have not missed the hour—No, but seven yet—[*Looking at his watch.*]*—Seven's the hour, by all the joys of burgundy! The rogue must be here—let's reconnoitre.* [*Retires, R.*]

Enter VICTORIA and OLIVIA, veiled, L. U. E.

Oliv. Positively, mine's a pretty spark, to let me be first at the place of appointment. I have half resolved to go home again, to punish him.

Vict. I'll answer for its being but half a resolution—to make it entire, would be to punish yourself.—There's a solitary man—is not that he?

Oliv. I think not. If he'd please to turn his face this way—

Vict. That's impossible, while the loadstone is the other way. He is looking at the woman in the next walk. Can't you disturb him?

Oliv. [*Screams.*] Oh! a frightful frog!

[*CARLOS turns on R.*]

Vict. Heavens, 'tis my husband!

Oliv. Your husband! Is that Don Carlos?

Vict. It is indeed.

Oliv. Why, really, now I see the man, I don't wonder that you are in no hurry for your weeds. He is moving towards us.

Vict. I cannot speak to him, and yet my soul flies to meet him.

Car. Pray, lady, what occasioned that pretty scream? I shrewdly suspect it was a trap.

Oliv. A trap! ha! ha! ha!—a trap for you!

Car. Why not, madam? Zounds, a man near six feet high, and three flasks of burgundy in his head, is worth laying a trap for.

Oliv. Yes, unless he happens to be trapped before. 'Tis about two years since you was caught, I take it—do keep farther off!—Odious! a married man!

Car. The devil! is it posted under every saint in the street, that I am a married man?

Oliv. No, you carry the marks about you; that rueful phiz could never belong to a bachelor. Besides, there's an odd appearance on your temples—does your hat sit easily?

Car. By all the thorns of matrimony, if—

Oliv. Poor man! how natural to swear by what one feels—but why were you in such haste to gather the thorns of matrimony? Bless us! had you but looked about you a little, what a market might have been made of that fine, proper, promising person of yours.

Vict. You might have remained there! If I had seen you, my musical pleasure there with [Car.] and your absence would not have given you an opportunity to do it. How can I be so blind? Oh, Julia, my darling, say—do you, a human, will you, the lovely, Heaven be praised! I have found a woman who can give me pleasure?—What two gentlemen makes the music?

Car. [*Crosses to VICTORIA.*] Oh, this is as bad as a turtle—[*Taking VICTORIA'S hand.*]—on now and then,—Perhaps you don't hate a human, sweet one?

Vict. You guess right; I love a married man.

Car. Hah, say'st thou so? wilt thou love?

Vict. Will you let me?

Car. Let thee, my charmer! how I'll cherish for't. What would I not give for thy heart!

Vict. I demand a price, that, perhaps, you not give—I ask unbounded love; but you have.

Car. And, therefore, the readier to love other woman; 'tis in your favour, child.

Vict. Will you love me ever?

Car. Ever! yes, ever; till we find each dull company, and yawn, and talk of our neighbor for amusement.

Vict. Farewell! I suspected you to be a bad man, and that you would not reach my terms.

Car. Nay, I'll come to your terms, if I can move this way; [*Crosses, L.*] I am fearful of a woodpecker at your elbow—should she begin her noise will scare all the pretty loves that are about my heart. Don't turn your head towards me if you like to listen to love tales, you'll meet pairs enough in this walk. [*Forcing her gentle*

Julio. I really believe, though you deny it, you are my destiny—that is, you fated me! See, is not this your mandate?

[*Taking a letter from his pocket.*]

1. Oh, delightful! the scrawl of some chamber-or, perhaps, of your valet, to give you an air. Is it signed? Marriatornes? Tomasa? Sancha?
2. Nay, now I am convinced the letter is yours, you abuse it: so you may as well confess?
1. Suppose I should, you can't be sure that I deceive you.
2. True; but there is one point in which I made a vow not to be deceived; therefore, the contrary is, that you throw off your veil.
1. My veil!
2. Positively! if you reject this article, our negotiation ends.
1. You have no right to offer articles, unless you yourself conquered.
2. I own myself willing to be conquered, and therefore, a right to make the best terms I can. Do you accede to the demand?
1. Certainly not.
2. You had better.
1. I protest I will not.
1. [*Aside.*] My life upon't, I make you. Why, then, how absurd this is!—yet, 'tis of no consequence, for I know your features, as well as though I saw them.
- How can that be?
2. I judge of what you hide, by what I see—draw your picture.
- Charming! pray begin the portrait.
1. Imprimis, a broad high forehead, rounded top, like an old-fashioned gateway.
- Oh, horrid!
1. Little gray eyes, a sharp nose, and hair, the colour of rusty prunella.
- Odious!
1. Pale cheeks, thin lips, and——
- Hold, hold, thou vilifier! [*Throws off her spectacles on one knee.*] There! yes, kneel in confession of your malicious libel.
- Say, rather, in adoration. What a charming creature!

A BEGGAR'S TRICK.

Oliv. We may stay for dinner the other side.
Julio. A lordship bound by the great
 which cannot stand out for his law, being
 bound engaged in sinning through these
 kind of things, which nature has given you
 but what nature & can be contrary; there are
 several laws, which you live, and must
 all, laughing on their rounded surface.

Oliv. Is not extemporaneous, or ready
 every woman who takes off her veil to you.

Julio. I believe, 'tis not extemporaneous;
 ture, when she finished you, formed the sent
 my heart, and there it has been hid, till
 whom it was formed, called it into words.

Oliv. Suppose I should understand, from
 that you have a mind to be in love with me
 not you be finely caught?

Julio. Charmingly caught! if you'll let me
 stand, at the same time, that you have a mind
 in love with me.

Oliv. In love with a man! Heavens!
 loved any thing but a squirrel!

Julio. Make me your squirrel—I'll put
 chain, and gambol and play for ever at you.

Oliv. But suppose you should have a
 break the chain?

Julio. Then loosen it; for, if once that
 seizes me, restraint won't cure it. Let me
 and bound at liberty, and when I return to my
 mistress, tired of all but her, fasten me
 your girdle, and kiss me while you chide.

Oliv. Your servant—to encourage you

Julio. 'Twould be barbarous—we'll retire as far off as you please.

Oliv. But we retire separately, sir ; that lady is a woman of honour, and this moment of the greatest importance to her. You may, however, conduct me to the gate, on condition that you leave me instantly.

Julio. Leave her instantly—oh, then I know my cue.

[*Exit together, R. U. E.*]

Enter CARLOS, L., followed by VICTORIA, unveiled.

Car. [*Looking back on her.*] My wife!

Vict. Oh, Heavens ! I will veil myself again. I will hide my face for ever from you, if you will still feast my ears with those soft vows, which, a moment since, you poured forth so eagerly.

Car. My wife !—making love to my own wife !

Vict. Why should one of the dearest moments of my life be to you so displeasing ?

Car. So, I am caught in this snare, by way of agreeable surprise, I suppose.

Vict. 'Would you could think it so !

Car. No, madam ! by Heaven, 'tis a surprise fatal to every hope with which you may have flattered yourself. What ! am I to be followed, haunted, watched !

Vict. Not to upbraid you. I followed you because my castle, without you, seemed a dreary desert. Indeed, I will never upbraid you.

Car. Generous assurance ! never upbraid me—no, by Heavens ! I'll take care you never shall. She has touched my soul, but I dare not yield to the impression. Her softness is worse than death to me !

[*Aside.*]

Vict. 'Would I could find words to please you !

Car. You cannot ; therefore leave me, or suffer me to go, without attempting to follow me.

Vict. Is it possible you can be so barbarous ?

Car. Do not expostulate ; your first vowed duty is obedience—that word so grating to your sex.

Vict. To me it was never grating ; to obey you has

SCENE II.

But my, why? you know, I will not dispute
 enough I feel, for the first time, obedience
 "Thou art mad, and thou hasting back! Oh, Ca-
 sar! (Exit) I go, but my soul remains."

Oh, heavens! had I not taken this to
 me, I could have killed myself, for how ex-
 cept that I have made her a beggar? I must
 have, indeed, suspicion that my tenderness sh-
 ber a prospect of felicity, which now she
 taste. Oh, wine-created spirit! where art thou!
 Madness, return to me again! for reason
 me nothing but despair.

Enter JULIO, from the top, R. V. E.

Julio. Carlos, who the devil can they
 charming little witch was inflexible. I ho
 has been more communicative.

Car. Folly! Nonsense!

Julio. Folly! Nonsense! What, a pretty
 smile!—but you married fellows have nei-
 nor joy.

Car. Pshaw!

[*Crosses, an*

Julio. Pshaw! that's a husband! Humph—
 my fair one should want to debase me into
 animal; she can't have so much villany in
 position: and yet, if she should? pho! it w
 thinking about. If I do so mad a thing, i
 as cowards fight, without daring to refle
 danger.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the house*
VASQUEZ, MARCELLA'S Father.

Enter DON CESAR and DON VASQUEZ

Cesar. Well, Don Vasquez, and a—
 then I say, you have a mind that I shou
 your daughter?

Vasq. It is sufficient, signor, that you ha
 fied to us your intention—my daughter sh
 her gratitude, in her attention to your fel-

Cæsar. Egad, now it comes to the push! [*Aside.*] hem, hem!—but just nineteen, you say?

Vasq. Exactly, the eleventh of last month.

Cæsar. Pity it was not twenty.

Vasq. Why, a year can make no difference, I should think.

Cæsar. O, yes it does; a year's a great deal; they are so skittish at nineteen.

Vasq. Those who are skittish at nineteen, I fear, you won't find much mended at twenty. Marcella is very grave, and a pretty little, plump, fair—

Cæsar. Ay, fair again! pity she isn't brown, or olive—I like your olives.

Vasq. Brown and olive! you are very whimsical, my old friend!

Cæsar. Why, these fair girls are so stared at by the men; and the young fellows, now-a-days, have a damned impudent stare with them—'tis very abashing to a woman—very distressing!

Vasq. Yes, so it is; but happily their distress is of that nature, that it generally goes off in a simper. But come, I'll send Marcella to you, and she will—

[*Crosses, R.*

Cæsar. No, no; stay, my good friend. [*Gasping.*] You are in a violent hurry!

Vasq. Why, truly, signor, at our time of life, when we determine to marry, we have no time to lose.

Cæsar. Why, that's very true, and so—oh! St. Antony, now it comes to the point—but there can be no harm in looking at her—a look won't bind us for better for worse. [*Aside.*] Well, then, if you have a mind, I say, you may let me see her.

[*Exit VASQUEZ, R.*

[*Cæsar puts on his spectacles.*] Ay, here she comes—I hear her—trip, trip, trip! I don't like that step. A woman should always tread steadily, with dignity, it awes the men.

Enter VASQUEZ, leading MARCELLA, R.

Vasq. There, Marcella, behold your future hus-

—and I'll remember that your kindness to me is the strength of your duty to me. [Exit

Mar.] O, my father!

[Enter Sempronius.] Somehow, I am afraid to look on

Mar. Surely he does not know that I can be

— [Thoughts go

—and my father's law to give an man, I

Mar. Pray, signor, bid you any commands to me?

Cesar. Hum!—not nonpluss'd at all! [Looks around.] Oh! that eye, I don't like that eye.

Mar. My father commanded me—

Cesar. Yes, I know—I know. [To her.] Well now I look again, there is a sort of a modest—O that smile; that smile will never do. [Aside]

Mar. I understand, signor, that you have demanded my hand in marriage.

Cesar. Upon my word, plump to the point! [Aside] Yes, I did a sort of—I can't say but that I did—

Mar. I am not insensible of the honour you do me, sir, but—but—

Cesar. But!—What, don't you like the thought of the match?

Mar. Oh, yes, sir, yes—exceedingly. I do not say no. [Aside]

Cesar. Oh, you do—exceedingly! What, I suppose, child, your head is full of jewels, and finery and equipage? [With ill humor]

Mar. No, indeed, sir.

Cesar. No, what then? what sort of a life do you expect to lead, when you are my wife? what pleasures d'ye look forward to?

Mar. None.

Cesar. Hey!

Mar. I shall obey my father, sir; I shall marry you; but I shall be most wretched! [Weeps]

Cesar. Indeed!

Mar. There is not a fate I would not prefer;—but pardon me!

Cesar. Go on, go on, I never was better pleas-

Mar. Pleased at my reluctance!

Cæsar. Never, never better pleased in my life;—so you had really, now, you young baggage, rather have me for a grandfather, than a husband?

Mar. Forgive my frankness, sir—a thousand times!

Cæsar. My dear girl, let me kiss your hand.—Egad! you've let me off charmingly. I was frightened out of my wits, lest you should have taken as violent an inclination to the match, as your father has.

Mar. Dear sir, you charm me.

Cæsar. But harkye!—you'll certainly incur your farther's anger, if I don't take the refusal entirely on myself, which I will do, if you'll only assist me in a little business I have in hand.

Mar. Any thing to show my gratitude.

Cæsar. You must know, I can't get my daughter to marry—there's nothing on earth will drive her to it, but the dread of a mother-in-law. Now, if you will let it appear to her, that you and I are driving to the goal of matrimony, I believe it will do—what say you? shall we be lovers in play?

Mar. If you are sure it will be only in play.

Cæsar. Oh, my life upon't—but we must be very fond, you know.

Mar. To be sure—exceedingly tender; ha! ha! ha!

Cæsar. You must smile upon me, now and then, roguishly; and slide your hand into mine, when you are sure she sees you, and let me pat your cheek, and—

Mar. Oh, no farther, pray; that will be quite sufficient.

Cæsar. Gad, I begin to take a fancy to your rogue's face, now I'm in no danger; mayn't we—mayn't we salute sometimes, it will seem infinitely more natural.

Mar. Never! such an attempt would make me fly off at once.

Cæsar. Well, you must be lady governess in this

arms against Don Cæsar.

—◆—
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—DONNA LAURA'S.

Enter DONNA LAURA and PEDRO, &c.

Laura. Well, Pedro, hast thou seen Don

Ped. Yes, Donna.

Laura. How did he look when he read my

Ped. Mortal well; I never see'd him look
—he'd got a new cloak, and a—

Laura. Pho, blockhead! did he look pleas
he kiss my name? did he press the billet to
som with all the warmth of love?

Ped. No, he didn't warm in that way; but
another, for he put it into the fire.

Laura. How!

Ped. Yes, when I spoke, he started, for,
he had forgot that I was by—So, says he, g
and tell Donna Laura, I fly to her presence.

[She waves her hand for him to go.]

Laura. Is it possible? so contemptuously
stroy the letter, in which my whole heart over
with tenderness! Oh, how idly I talk! he i
his very voice pierces my heart! I dare no
his eye, thus discomposed!

Enter VICTORIA, L., in men's clothes, preceded by
SANCHA.

San. I will inform my mistress that you are here, Don Florio; I thought she had been in this apartment.

[*Exit, L.*

Vict. Now must I, with a mind torn by anxieties, once more assume the lover of my husband's mistress—of the woman, who has robbed me of his heart, and his children of their fortune. Sure, my task is hard. Oh, love! Oh, married love, assist me! If I can, by any art, obtain from her that fatal deed, I shall save my little ones from ruin, and then—But I hear her step. [*Agitated, pressing her hand on her bosom.*]—There! I have hid my griefs within my heart, and, now for all the impudence of an accomplished cavalier! [*Sings an air, sets her hat in the glass, dances a few steps, &c. then runs to LAURA, R., and seizes her hand.*] My lovely Laura!

Laura. That look speaks Laura loved, as well as lovely.

Vict. To be sure! Petrarch immortalized his Laura by his verses, and mine shall be immortal in my passion.

Laura. Oh, Florio, how deceitful! I know not what enchantment binds me to thee.

Vict. Me! my dear! is all this to me?

[*Playing carelessly with the feather in her hat.*

Laura. Yes, ingrate, thee!

Vict. Positively, Laura, you have these extravagancies so often, I wonder my passion can stand them. To be plain, those violences in your temper may make a pretty relief in the flat of matrimony, child, but they do not suit that state of freedom which is necessary to my happiness. It was by such destructive arts as these you cured Don Carlos of his love.

Laura. Cured Don Carlos! Oh, Florio! wert thou but as he is?

Vict. Why, you don't pretend he loves you still?

[*Eagerly.*

my hopes new life. [*Aside.*] Yes, Flora knows what it is to love. For me, a beautiful wife; nay, and with me he w his country.

Vict. Villain! Villain!

Laura. Nay, let not the thought distress—Carlos I despise—he is the weakest c

Vict. 'Tis false, madam, you cannot d Carlos the weakest of mankind! Hea woman could resist him? Persuasion, tongue, and love, almighty love, triumph eyes!

Laura. This is strange; you speak of : with the admiration of a mistress.

Vict. Laura! it is the fate of jealousy a love, to see the charms of its object, incre heightened. I am jealous—jealous to dis of Don Carlos; and cannot taste peace, unks swear never to see him more.

Laura. I swear, joyfully swear, never to or speak to him again. When, dear you, we retire to Portugal?—We are not safe he

Vict. You know I am not rich.—You m sell the lands my rival gave you.

[*Observing her with appre.*

Laura. 'Tis done—I have found a purcha to-morrow the transfer will be finished.

Vict. [*Aside.*] Ah! I have now, then, no trust to but the ingenuity of Gasper. There son to fear Don Carlos had no right in that with which you supposed yourself endowe

Laura. No right! what could have given you those suspicions?

Vict. A conversation with Juan, his steward, who assures me his master never had an estate in Leon.

Laura. Never! what, not by marriage?

Vict. Juan says so.

Laura. My blood runs cold; can I have taken pains to deceive myself?—Could I think so, I should be mad!

Vict. These doubts may soon be annihilated, or confirmed to certainty.—I have seen Don Sancho, the uncle of Victoria; he is now in Madrid.—You have told me that he once professed a passion for you.

Laura. Oh, to excess; but at that time I had another object.

Vict. Have you conversed with him much?

Laura. I never saw him nearer than from my balcony, where he used to ogle me through a glass, suspended by a ribbon, like an order of knighthood; he is weak enough to fancy it gives him an air of distinction—Ha! ha! But where can I find him? I must see him.

Vict. Write him a billet, and I will send it to his lodgings.

Laura. Instantly—Dear Florio, a new prospect opens to me—Don Sancho is rich and generous; and, by playing on his passions, his fortune may be a constant fund to us.—I'll dip my pen in flattery.

[*Exit, R.*

Vict. Base woman! how can I pity thee, or regret the steps which my duty obliges me to take? For myself, I would not swerve from the nicest line of rectitude, nor wear the shadow of deceit. But, for my children!—Is there a parental heart that will not pardon me?

[*Exit, R.*

SCENE II—DON CESAR'S.

Enter OLIVIA and MINETTE, R.

Oliv. Well, here we are in private—what is this

planning intelligence of which thou art a
morning?

Min. Why, not am, as I was in the bot-
anyerback's Don Vascquez's garden. Donna
told me that Don Cæsar had last night be-
lone her, and given me his own marriage, and

Oliv. Their marriage? How can you get
intelligence with such a look of joy? *Thy*
face—what will become of me?

Min. Dear ma'am! if you'll but have pa-
She says that, Don Cæsar and she are
agreed—

Oliv. Still with that smirking face?—I c-
patience.

Min. Then, madam, if you won't let m-
story, please to read it—Here's a let-
Donna Marcella.

Oliv. Why did you not give it me at fir-

Min. Because I did'nt like to be cut off
story. If orators were obliged to come to
at once, mercy on us! what tropes an-
we should lose!

Oliv. Oh, Minetto! I give you leave
again—listen. [*Reads.*] *I am more terrifi-*
idea of becoming your father's wife, than y-
expectation of a stepmother; and Don Cæ-
be as loath as either of us.—He only means
en you into matrimony, and I have, on certa-
tions, agreed to assist him; but, whatever
hear, or see, be assured that nothing is so in
as that he should become the husband of
Marcella.—Oh, delightful sight! how I love

them amuse themselves in raising batteries; my reserved fire shall tumble them about their ears, in the moment my poor father is singing his Io's for victory.—But here come the lovers—Well, I protest now, sixteen and sixty is a very comely sight.—'Tis contrast gives effect to every thing.—Lud! how my father ogles! I had no idea he was such a brat of man. I am really afraid he isn't quite so good as he should be!

Enter DON CESAR, leading MARCELLA, L.

Cesar. H—um! Madam looks very placid; we shall discompose her, or I am mistaken. [*Apart.*] So, Mivias, here's Donna Marcella come to visit you—rough, as matters are, that respect is due from you.

Oliv. I am sensible of the condescension. My dear madam, how very good this is! [*Taking her hand.*

Cesar. Yes, you'll think yourself wonderfully obliged, when you know all! [*Aside.*] Pray, Donna Marcella, what do you think of these apartments?—The furniture and decorations are my daughter's taste; would you wish then to remain, or will you give orders to have them changed?

Mar. Changed, undoubtedly; I can have nobody's taste govern my apartments but my own.

Cesar. Ah that touches!—See how she looks!—[*Apart.*] They shall receive your orders.—You understand, I suppose, from this, that every thing is settled on between Donna Marcella and me?

Oliv. Yes, sir; I understand it perfectly; and it gives me infinite pleasure.

Cesar. Eh! pleasure?

Oliv. Entirely, sir—

Cesar. Tol-de-rol! Ah, that wont do—that wont do! You can't hide it.—You are frightened out of our wits at the thoughts of a mother-in-law; especially a young, gay, handsome one.

Oliv. Pardon me, sir; the thought of a mother-in-law was indeed disagreeable; but her being young and gay qualifies it.—I hope, ma'am,

My heart. It is charming to see
the situation.

Cæsar. Here! here's an obstinate perve

Oliv. Bless me, sir, are you angry that
I am forward to your marriage without mur

Cæsar. Yes, I am—yes, I am; you ought
to marry; and you ought to—to—to—

Oliv. Dear me! I find love, taken up late
has a bad effect on the temper.—I wish,
papa, you had felt the influence of Donna M
charms somewhat sooner.

Cæsar. You do! you do! why this man
put on.—This can't be real.

Oliv. Indeed, indeed it is; and I protest,
the engagement with this lady has given me more
sure than I have tasted ever since you began
to talk to me about a husband. You seem deterred
to have a marriage in the family; and I hope
I shall live in quiet, with my dear, sweet, yo
ther-in-law.

Cæsar. Oh, ! oh! [*Walking about.*] W
ever—[*Crosses, c.*] She doesn't care for a
in-law!—Can't frighten her!

Oliv. Sure, my fate is very peculiar; I
am pleased with your choice, and submit
to it.

Min. Well, really, my master is in a piteous passion; he seems more angry at your liking his marriage, than at your refusing to be married yourself.—Wouldn't it have been better, madam, to have affected discontent!

Oliv. To what purpose, but to lay myself open to fresh solicitations, in order to get rid of the evil I pretended to dread? Bless us! nothing can be more easy than for my father to be gratified, if he were but lucky in the choice of a lover.

Min. As much as to say, madam, that there is—

Oliv. Why, yes, as much as to say—I see you are resolved to have my secret, Minette, and so—

Enter SERVANT, L.

Serv. There is a gentleman at the door, madam, called Don Julio de Melessina. He waits on you from Don Vincentio.

Oliv. Who? Don Julio! it cannot be—art thou sure of his name?

Serv. The servant repeated it twice. He is in a fine carriage, and seems to be a nobleman.

Oliv. Conduct him hither. [*Exit SERVANT, L.*] I am astonished! I cannot see him! I would not have him know the incognita to be Olivia, for worlds!—There is but one way. [*Aside.*] Minette, ask no questions; but do as I order you.—Receive Don Julio in my name; call yourself the heiress of Don Cæsar; and on no account suffer him to believe that you are any thing else. [*Exit, R.*]

Min. So, then, this is some new lover she is determined to disgust; and fancies, that making me pass for her will complete it. Perhaps her ladyship may be mistaken though.—[*Looking through the wing.*]—Upon my word a sweet man! Oh, lud! my heart beats at the very idea of his making love to me, even though he takes me for another! Stay! I think he shan't find me here. Standing in the middle of a room gives one's appearance no effect. I'll enter upon him with an easy swim, or an engaging

A BOLD STRIKE

She is—amazing, my third release
 please observe this.

Enter DON JULIO, & proceeds off in SEVERE
 TROUBLE.

Julio. Soft music. The rebellion's dignity
 Garcia and Vincentio—this forestalling
 though, I do—by the character Garcia de
 seems to be suited for my impatience, as
 comes—A pretty, smiling girl, 'faith, for

Enter MINETTE, R., very affectedly

Min. Sir, your most obedient humble s
 You are Don Julio de Melessina. I am
 glad to see you, sir.

Julio. [*Aside.*] A very courteous recepti
 honour me infinitely, madam. I must ap
 waiting on you without a better introduct
 Vincentio promised to attend me; but a co
 ed him to another part of the town, at th
 I prepared to come hither.

Min. A concert—Yes, sir, he is very fond

Julio. He is, madam:—You, I suppos
 passion for that charming science?

Min. Oh, yes, I love it mightily.

Julio. [*Aside.*] This is lucky! I think I ha
 Donna Olivia, that your taste that way is
 you are fond of a—'faith, I can hardly
 [*Aside.*]—of a—Jew's-harp. [*Smothering*

Min. A Jew's-harp! Mercy! What, do
 a person of my birth and figure, can have
 cies as that?—No, sir, I love fiddles, Fre
 tabors, and all the cheerful, noisy instrum
 world.

Julio. [*Aside.*] Vincentio must have be
 and I as mad as he, to mention it. The
 fond of concerts, madam?

Min. Dote on them! I wish he'd offer m

Julio. [*Aside.*] Vincentio is clearly wro
 to prove how far the other was right, in
 her a vixen.

Min. There is a grand public concert, sir, to be to-morrow. Pray, do you go?

Julio. I believe I shall have that pleasure, madam.

Min. My father, Don Cæsar, won't let me purchase a ticket: I think it's very hard.

Julio. Pardon me—I think it's perfectly right.

Min. Right! what, to refuse me a trifling expense, that would procure me a great pleasure?

Julio. Yes, doubtless—the ladies are too fond of pleasure: I think Don Cæsar is exemplary.

Min. Lord, sir! you'd think it very hard, if you were me, to be locked up all your life; and know nothing of the world but what you could catch through the bars of your balcony.

Julio. Perhaps I might; but, as a man, I am convinced 'tis right. Daughters and wives should be equally excluded those destructive haunts of dissipation. Let them keep to their embroidery, nor ever presume to show their faces but at their own firesides.—This will bring out the Xantippe, surely!

[*Aside.*

Min. Well, sir, I don't know—to be sure, home, as you say, is the fittest place for women. For my part, I could live for ever at home. I am determined he shall have his way; who knows what may happen?

[*Aside.*

Julio. [*Aside.*] By all the powers of caprice, Garcia is as wrong as the other!

Min. I delight in nothing so much as in sitting by my father, and hearing his tales of old times; and I fancy, when I have a husband, I shall be more happy to sit and listen to his stories of present times.

Julio. Perhaps your husband, fair lady, might not be inclined so to amuse you. Men have a thousand delights that call them abroad; and probably your chief amusements would be counting the hours of his absence, and giving a tear to each as it passed.

Min. Well, he should never see them, however. I would always smile when he entered; and if he found my eyes red, I'd say, I had been weeping over

question ! Pray, sir, is this my father's house ?—Are you Don Julio ?

Julio. I beg your pardon ; but, to confess, I have heard you described as a lady who had not quite so much sweetness, and——

Min. Oh ! what, you had heard that I was a too magant, I suppose.—'Tis all slander, sir : there is no in Madrid, though I say it, a sweeter temper than my own ; and though I have refused a good many lovers yet, if one was to offer himself that I could like——

Julio. You would take pity, and reward his passion.

Min. I would.

Julio. Lovely Donna Olivia, how charming is this frankness !—'Tis a little odd, though ! [*Aside.*

Min. Why, I believe I should take pity : for it always seemed to me to be very hard-hearted, to be cruel to a lover that one likes, because, in that case, one should—a—you know, sir, the sooner the affair is over, the better for both parties.

Julio. What the deuce does she mean ?—Is this Garcia's sour fruit ?

Cæsar. [*Without. R.*] Olivia ! Olivia !

Min. Bless me, I hear my father ! Now, sir, I have a particular fancy that you should not tell him, in this first visit, your design.

Julio. Madam, my design !

Min. Yes, that you will not speak out, till we have had a little further conversation, which I'll take care to give you an opportunity for very soon. He'll be

here in a moment : now, pray, Don Julio, go. If he should meet you, and ask who you are, you can say, that you are—you may say, that you came on a visit to my maid, you know. [*Exit*, R.]

Julio, I thank you, madam, [*Aloud.*] for my dismission. [*Aside.*] I never was in such a peril in my life. I believe she has a license in her pocket, a priest in her closet, and the ceremony by heart. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—DON CARLOS'S. DON CARLOS discovered writing.

Car. [*Tearing paper, and rising.*] It is in vain!—Language cannot furnish me with terms, to soften to Victoria the horrid transaction, Could she see the compunctions of my soul, her gentle heart would pity me. But what then?—She's ruined! my children are undone! Oh! the artifices of one base woman, and my villany to another most amiable one, have made me unfit to live. I am a wretch, who ought to be blotted from society.

Enter PEDRO, hastily, L.

Ped. Sir—sir!

Car. Well!

Ped. Sir, I have just met Don Florio; he asked if my mistress was at home; so I guesses he is going to our house, and so I run to let you know—for I loves to keep my promises, though I am deadly afraid of some mischief.

Car. You have done well.—Go home, and wait for me at the door, and admit me without noise. [*Exit PEDRO, L.*] At least, then, I shall have the pleasure of revenge; I'll punish that harlot, by sacrificing her paramour in her arms; and then—Oh!
[*Exit*, L.]

SCENE II.—DONNA LAURA'S.

*Enter LAURA, T. with precipitation, followed
VANTS.*

Laura. To-day, my dear!—How successful
today! This, my Flora, is a most important
Flora, my friend; and I will leave you
every advantage of it. [*Crosses, R.*] If I am
I must witness condescensions from you, they
not be able to bear, though I know them to
affected.—Now, Gasper, [*Aside.*] play thy part
and save Victoria!

*Enter GASPHER, L. dressed as an old Beau; t
VANTS follow him, and take off a rich clo*

Gasp. Take my cloak; and, d'ye hear, I
go home and bring the eider-down cushions
coach, and tell the fellow not to hurry
through the streets of Madrid. [*Exit
VANTS, L.*] I have been jolted from side to s
a pippin in a mill stream. Drive a man of n
as he would a city vintner and his fat wife,
a bull fight! Ha, there she is! [*Looking th
glass, suspended by a red ribbon.*]—there
Charming Donna Laura! let me thus at th
of your beauty—[*Makes an effort to kneel, c
on his face; LAURA assists him to rise.*] I
those new shoes!—they have made me skate
like a Dutchman on a canal; and now—W
see how profound my adoration is, madam.
mon lovers kneel; I was prostrate.

Laura. You do me infinite honour.—Di
wretch!—You are thinner than you were, D
cho: I protest, now I observe you, you are n
tered!

p. Then jealousy—that gave me a jaundice.—
See's husband, I hear, Don Carlos, has been my
 rival. Oh, my blade will hardly keep in its
 scabbard, when I think of him.

ira. Think no more of him—he has been long
 absent from my thoughts, be assured. I wonder you
 should give your niece to him, with such a fortune.

p. Gave! she gave herself; and, as to fortune,
 she did not take a pistole from me.

ira. 'Twas, indeed, unnecessary, with so fine
 an estate as she had in Leon.

p. My niece an estate in Leon! Not enough
 to shelter to a field-mouse; and if he has told
 me so, he is a braggart.

ira. Told me so—I have the writings; he has
 made over the lands to me.

p. Made over the lands to you!—Oh, a decoi-
 nement. I begin to suspect a plot. Pray, let me see
 this extraordinary deed. [*She runs to a Cabinet, &c.*
 A plot, I'll be sworn!

ira. Here is the deed which made that estate
 yours for ever. No, sir, I will intrust it in no hand
 but your own. Yet look over me, and read the de-
 scription of the lands.

p. [*Reading through his glass.*] H—m—m—
vicinage of Rosalvo, bounded on the west by the
*—h—m—m, on the east by the forest—*Oh,
 a faithful dog! I need read no further; I see how the
 matter is.

ira. How, sir!—but hold—Stay a moment—
 I am breathless with fear.

p. Nay, madam, don't be afraid! 'Tis my es-
 tate—that's all; the very castle where I was born;
 which I never did, nor ever will, bestow on any
 but the two Castiles. Dissembling rogue! Bribe
 him with a fictitious title to my estate—ha! ha! ha!

ira. [*Aside.*] Curses follow him! The villain
 employed must have been his creature; his reluct-
 ant art; and, whilst I believed myself undoing
 him, was duped myself!

p. Could you suppose I'd give Carlos such an

you—they are all for you. Yes, this est
you have taken such a fancy, shall be
give you the deeds, if you'll promise
you little, cruel thing!

Laura. Can you be serious?

Gasp. I'll sign and seal to-morrow.

Laura. Noble Don Sancho! Thus, tl
late the proof of his perfidy, and my
'Thus I tear to atoms his detested nar
tread on these, so would I on his heart

Enter VICTORIA, R.

Vict. My children then are saved! [
Laura. [*Apart.*] Oh, Florio, 'tis as if

Carlos was a villain, and deceived me
strange air? Ah, I see the cause—yc
ruined, and will abandon me. Yes, I
averted face; thou dar'st not meet my
misjudge thee, speak!

Vict. Laura, I cannot speak.—You li
emotions of heart.—Heaven knows, I

Laura. Pity! Oh, villain! and has thy
snatched the form of pity? Base, dece

Car. [*Without.*] Stand off; loose you

[VICTORIA first goes towards the Flat, then returns, takes off her hat, and drops on one knee.

Vict. Strike, strike it here! Plunge it deep into that bosom, already wounded by a thousand stabs, keener and more painful than your sword can give. Here lives all the gnawing anguish of love betrayed; here live the pangs of disappointed hopes, hopes sanctified by holiest vows, which have been written in the book of Heaven.—Hah! he sinks.—[*She flies to him.*]—Oh! my Carlos! beloved! my husband! forgive my too severe reproaches; thou art dear, yet dear as ever, to Victoria's heart!

Car. [*Recovering.*] Oh, you know not what you do—you know not what you are. Oh, Victoria, thou art a beggar! .

Vict. No, we are rich, we are happy! See there, the fragments of that fatal deed, which, had I not recovered, we had been indeed undone; yet still not wretched, could my Carlos think so!

Car. The fragments of the deed! the deed which that base woman—

Vict. Speak not so harshly.—To you, madam, I fear, I seem reprehensible; yet, when you consider my duties as a wife and mother, you will forgive me. Be not afraid of poverty—a woman has deceived, but she will not desert you!

Laura. Is this real? Can I be awake?

Vict. Oh, may'st thou indeed awake to virtue!—You have talents that might grace the highest of our sex; be no longer unjust to such precious gifts, by burying them in dishonour.—Virtue is our first, most awful duty; bow, Laura! bow before her thorne, and mourn in ceaseless tears, that ever you forgot her heavenly precepts!

Laura. So, by a smooth speech about virtue, you think to cover the injuries I sustain. Vile, insinuating monster!—but thou knowest me not.—Revenge is sweeter to my heart than love; and if there

Gasp. Yes, sir, I was always apt at resemblances—
In our plays at home, I am always Queen Cleopatra
—You know she was but a gipsy queen, and I hit
her off to a nicety.

Car. Come, my Victoria—Oh, there is a painful
pleasure in my bosom—To gaze on thee, to listen to
and to love thee, seems like the bliss of angels' cheer-
ing whispers to repentant sinners.

[*Exeunt CARLOS and VICTORIA, L.*

Gasp. Lord help 'em! how easily the women are
taken in! [Exit, L.

SCENE III.—*The Prado.*

Enter MINETTE, L.

Min. Ah, here comes the man at last, after I have
been sauntering in sight of his lodgings these two
hours. Now, if my scheme takes, what a happy per-
son I shall be! and sure, as I was Donna Olivia to-
day, to please my lady, I may be Donna Olivia to-
night, to please myself. I'll address him as the maid
of a lady who has taken a fancy to him, then convey
him to our house—then retire, and then come in again,
and, with a vast deal of confusion, confess I sent my
maid for him. If he should dislike my forwardness,
the censure will fall on my lady; if he should be
pleased with my person, the advantage will be mine.
But perhaps he's come here on some wicked frolic

: other.—I'll watch him at a distance before I speak.

[Exit, L. U. E.]

Enter DON JULIO, R.

Julio. Not here, 'faith; though she gave me last night but a faint refusal, and I had a right, by all the rules of gallantry, to construe that into an assent.—When she's a jilt. Hang her, I feel I am uneasy—the first woman that ever gave me pain—I am ashamed to perceive that this spot has attractions for me, only because it was here I conversed with her. 'Twas here the little syren, conscious of her charms, unveiled her fascinating face——'Twas here—Ha!

Enter DON GARCIA and DON VINCENTIO. R. U. E.

Gar. Ha! Don Julio!

Julio. Pshaw! gentlemen, pray be quick.

Gar. (L.) 'Twas here that Julio, leaving champagne untasted, and songs of gallantry unsung, came to talk to the whistling branches.

Vin. (R.) 'Twas here that Julio, flying from the young and gay, was found in doleful meditation—[Altering his tone.]—on a wench, for a hundred ducats!

Gar. Who is she!

Julio. (c.) Not Donna Olivia, gentlemen; not Donna Olivia.

Gar. We have been seeking you, to ask the event of your visit to her.

Julio. The event has proved that you have been most grossly duped.

Vin. I know that—Ha! ha! ha!

Julio. And you likewise, I know that—Ha! ha! ha!—The fair lady, so far from being a vixen, is the very essence of gentleness. To me, so much sweetness in a wife, would be downright mawkish.

Vin. Well, but she's fond of a Jew's-harp.

Julio. Detests it; she would be as fond of a Jew.

Gar. Pho, pho! this is a game at cross purposes;—let us all go to Don Cæsar's together, and compare opinions on the spot.

Julio. I'll go most willingly—but it will be only to

the man?

Min. Let me see—a good air, and well made
are the man for a dancer. [*To GARCIA*
dressed, and nicely put out of hands—you
man for a bandbox. [*Crosses to VINCENTIO.*
some and bold—you are the man for my li
[*Crosses*

Julio. My dear little Iris, here's all the good
pocket. Gentlemen, I wish you a good night
your very obedient, humble—

[*Stalking by them, with his arm round M.*

Gar. Pho! pr'ythee, don't be a fool. Am
going to Donna Olivia?

Julio. Donna Olivia must wait, my dear
can decide about her to-morrow. Come a
little dove of Venus!

Gar. What a rash fellow it is! ten to one
is some common business, and he'll be robb
murdered—they take him for a stranger.

Vin. Let's follow, and see where she leads

Gar. That's hardly fair: however, as
there's danger, we will follow.

Julio. Through fifty back lanes, a long garden, and narrow staircase, into a superb apartment—all that's in the regular way; as the Spanish women manage it, one intrigue is too much like another. If it was not now and then for the little lively fillip of a jealous husband or brother, which obliges one to leap from a window, or crawl, like a cat, along the gutters, there would be no bearing the ennui. Ah! but this promises novelty; [*Looking through the key-hole.*] a young girl and an old man—wife or daughter? They are coming this way. My lovely incognito, by all that's propitious! Why did not some kind spirit whisper to me my happiness? but hold—she can't mean to treat the old gentleman with a sight of me.
[*Goes behind the sofa.*]

Enter DON CESAR and OLIVIA, L.

Cesar. No, no, madam, no going out—There, madam, this is your apartment, your house, your garden, your assembly, till you go to your convent. Why, how impudent you are to look thus unconcerned!—Can hardly forbear laughing in my face!—Very well—very well!

[*Exit, double locking the door. L.*]

Oliv. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be even with you, my dear father, if you treble lock it. I'll stay here two days, without once asking for my liberty, and you'll come the third, with tears in your eyes, to take me out.—He has forgot the door leading to the garden—but I vow I'll stay. [*Sitting down.*] I can make the time pass pleasantly enough.

Julio. I hope so.

[*Looking over the back of the sofa.*]

Oliv. Heaven and earth!

Julio. My dear creature, why are you so alarmed? am I here before you expected me?

[*Coming round, R.*]

Oliv. Expected you!

Julio. Oh, this pretty surprise! Come, let us sit

show more consideration for your g
you have ?

Oliv. My guest! how is it possible he
discovered me ?

Julio. Pho ! This is carrying the thing fu
you need—if there was a third person here
be prudent.

Oliv. Why, this assurance, Don Julio, i

Julio. The thing in the world you are m
to pardon.

Oliv. Upon my word, I don't know hov
you.

Julio. Consult your heart !

Oliv. I shall consult my honour.

Julio. Honour is a pretty thing to play
when spoken with that very grave face, aft
sent your maid to bring me here, is really n
I expected. I shall be in an ill humour pr
I won't stay if you treat me thus. (C

Oliv. Well, this is superior to every thin
heard that men will slander women private
other ; 'tis their common amusement ; but
one's face !—and you really pretend that
you ?

you run away ? Keep the character I charge
(*part to MINETTE.*) Be still Olivia.

Oh ! dear madam ! I was—I was so frighten-
ed I saw that gentleman.

Oh, my dear, ; it's the merriest pretty kind
leman in the world ; he pretends that I sent
d for him into the streets, ha ! ha !

That's right ; always tell a thing yourself,
you would not have believed.

It is the readiest excuse for being found in a
apartment, however. Now will I swear I
othing of the matter. [*Aside.*]

Now, I think it a horrid poor excuse ; he has
y not had occasion to invent reasons for such
nencies often. Tell me that he has made
you to-day. [*Apart.*]

I fancy that he has had occasion to excuse
nencies often ;—his impertinence to me to-
—

To you, madam ?

Making love to me, my dear, all the morn-
uld hardly get him away, he was so desirous
k to my father. Nay, sir, I don't care for
patience.

[*Aside.*] Now would I give a thousand pis-
she were a man !

Nay, then, this accidental meeting is fortu-
ray, Don Julio, don't let my presence prevent
ying what you think proper to my friend—
leave you together ? [*Crosses, L.*]

[*Apart.*] To contradict a lady on such an
n would be too gross ; but, upon my honour,
Olivia is the last woman upon earth who
aspire me with a tender idea. Find an ex-
send her away, my angel, I entreat you. I
thousand things to say, and the moments
precious to be given to her.

I think so too, but one can't be rude, you
Come, my dear, sit down, [*Seating herself,*
e you brought your work ?

Mo. Did ever one woman prevent another leaving her at such a moment before? I readam, cannot comprehend—

Cæsar. [*Without.*] It is impossible—impossible gentleman! Don Julio cannot be here.

Julio. Hah! who's that?

Enter DON CÆSAR, DON GARCIA, and VINCENTIO, L. D.

Gar. There! did we not tell you so? we enter the garden.

Cæsar. What can be the meaning of all this man in my daughter's apartment!

[*Attempting*
Gar. Hold, sir! Don Julio is one of the best in Spain, and will unquestionably be able to save your honour, without troubling your sword. I have done mischief, Vincentio!

Julio. [*To OLIVIA.*] They have been very impertinent! but I'll bring you off, never pretending a passion for your busy friend, sir.

Cæsar. Satisfy me then in a moment; speak.

Zuniga entered, for whom I have conceived a most violent passion——

Cæsar. A passion for her! Oh, let me hear no more on't.—A passion for her! You may as well entertain a passion for the untameable hyena.

Gar. There, Vincentio, what think you now? Xantippe or not?

Vis. I am afraid I must give up that—but pray support me as to this point, Don Cæsar; is not the lady fond of a Jew's-harp?

Cæsar. Fond! she's fond of nothing, but playing the vixen; there is not such a fury upon earth.

Julio. These are odd liberties, with a person who does not belong to him.

Cæsar. I'll play the hypocrite for her no more; the world shall know her true character, they shall know——but ask her maid there.

Julio. Her maid!

Mis. Why, yes, sir; to say truth, I am but Donna Olivia's maid, after all.

Oliv. [*Apart.*] Dear Minette! speak for me, or I am now ruined.

Mis. I will, ma'am.—I must confess, sir, [*Going up to JULIO.*] there never was so bitter a tempered creature as my lady is. I have borne her humours for two years; I have seen her by night and by day. [*OLIVIA pulls her sleeve, impatiently.*] I will, I will! [*To OLIVIA.*] and this I am sure, that if you marry her, you'll rue the day every hour the first month, and hang yourself the next. There, madam, I have done it roundly now. [*Exit, r.*]

Oliv. I am undone—I am caught in my own snare! [*Aside.*]

Cæsar. After this true character of my daughter, I suppose, signor, we shall hear no more of your passion; so let us go down, and leave madam to begin her penance.

Julio. My ideas are totally confused.—You Donna Olivia de Zuniga, and the person I thought you, her maid! something too flattering darts across my mind.

cy—she'll break out like a tigress in a n
Julio. It cannot be—are you, charming v
such a creature?

Oliv. Yes, to all mankind—but one.

Julio. But one! Oh, might that excepted
me! [Lookin

Oliv. Would you not fear to trust your fa
her, you have cause to think so hateful?

Julio. No, I'd bless the hour that bound
to hers. Permit me, sir, to pay my vows
fair vixen.

Cæsar. What, are you such a bold man e
Pho! but if you are, 'twill be only lost time
contrive, some way or other, to return yo
upon your hands.

Oliv. If they have your authority, sir, I
turn them—only with my own.

Cæsar. What's that! what did she say? r
is giddy with surprise.

Julio. And mine with rapture. [Catching h

Cæsar. Don't make a fool of me, Olivia
marrv him?

ardon, madam, for the share of trouble I gave you--
 out, pray, have the goodness to tell me sincerely,
 what do you think of a crash? [*Crosses to OLIVIA.*]

Oliv. I love music, Don Vincentio, I admire your
 skill, and whenever you'll give me a concert, I shall
 be obliged. [*Crosses to CÆSAR.*]

Vic. You could not have pleased me so well, if
 you had married me.

Enter DON CARLOS and VICTORIA, R.

Oliv. Hah! here comes Victoria and her Carlos.
 My friend, you are happy--'tis in your eyes; I need
 not ask the event.

Cæsar. What, is this Don Carlos, whom Victoria
 gave us for a cousin? Sir, you come in a happy hour.

Car. I do indeed, for I am most happy.

Julio. My dear Carlos, what has new made thee
 thus, since morning?

Car. A wife! Marry, Julio, marry!

Julio. What! this advice from you?

Car. Yes; and when you have married an angel,
 when that angel has done for you such things, as
 makes your gratitude almost equal to your love, you
 may then guess something of what I feel, in calling
 this angel mine.

Oliv. Now, I trust, Don Julio, after all this, that
 if I should do you the honour of my hand, you'll
 treat me cruelly, be a very bad man, that I, like my
 exemplary cousin--

Vic. Hold, Olivia! it is not necessary that a hus-
 band should be faulty, to make a wife's character ex-
 emplary.—Should he be tenderly watchful of your
 happiness, your gratitude will give a thousand graces
 to your conduct; whilst the purity of your manners,
 and the nice honour of your life, will gain you the
 approbation of those, whose praise is fame.

Oliv. Pretty and matronly! thank you, my dear.
 We have each struck a bold stroke to-day;—yours
 has been to reclaim a husband, mine to get one; but

(the most important is yet to be obtained
 nation of our judges.

That mood withheld, our labours have
 Pointless my jests, and doubly keen your
 Might we their plaudits, and their praise
 Our *bold* should then be term'd, a happy

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 THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN

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 DON VASQUEZ. DON JULIO.
 DON GARCIA. DON CARLOS.
 DON VICENTIO. DON DOMINGO.
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REMARKS.

A Bold Stroke for a Husband.

ick belongs the merit of first introducing to the stage that er, Mrs. Cowley. One of the last acts of his professional approve her comedy of *The Runaway*, and write the epi- which good office she addressed to him a letter of gratitude, in terms of peculiar elegance.

nany services rendered to the drama by Davy, this is one. : fully justified his favourable opinion : *The Runaway* met ordinary success, and gave instant celebrity to her name.

gular, that of an art, certainly not the easiest, some of the nguished professors should have been ladies. The plays of , with the judicious pruning of a skilful hand, might be , the stage. "*The Cook's Wife*," as she is contemptuously swift, was worthy to take her place in the very first rank of f her day ;—Mrs. Cowley can only cease to be popular when medy grows out of fashion ;—Miss Lee and Mrs. Inchbald sh honours whenever the good taste of a manager prompts al ;—Miss Mitford has done much to redeem modern trad "Sister Joanna," who (perhaps wisely) trusts not her the ignorant caprice of an audience, is sure to receive her d fame from the more temperate judgment of the closet.

ne of this comedy naturally suggests—indeed, provokes—a n with *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*. The latter exhibits a asculine, and unequivocal delineation of character, with incured not a little with the licentious freedoms of the age, y so entirely upon the surface, as to be removed without : its superabundant wit. *A Bold Stroke for a Husband* is a . pleasant production. The incidents are nicely balanced ature and probability ; the characters display a happy real and artificial life ; and the language is terse, pointed, it. There are no examples of impossible virtue to lead us se chase after unattainable perfectibility ; no outrageous y way of contrast) of gratuitous vice stumbling upon sud- ation when the curtain is about to drop ; no vulgar cari- high or low life. We have a spinster playing the shrew ray all lovers but the favoured and true one ; and a wife o arts that she abhors, to snatch an estranged husband and n from impending ruin ; while the husband thus saved, is illy lost to better feelings, but that his return to virtue is a ult. The scene is laid in Spain, but neither are the plot rs essentially Spanish. London had been as congenial a s Madrid.

uctive blandishments and frivolous airs of the coquette n appropriate painter in man, whom they have so often but feminine wit and constancy shine with peculiar grace in, in whose person this rare union of charms not unfre- ns. Donna Olivia is placed in an unfortunate position.— eged with admirers, and no sooner is one got rid of, than

the eyes of Julio, and by the Abigail's laughable assumption of a fine lady, and her odd blunders in elegance and gentility. Her misreadings and perplexities are the very soul of comedy, only to be conceived and carried into effect by the well-expanded and accomplished artist. The interviews between Don Julio and the Countess are managed with great dramatic skill: they are delicate and tender, imaginative, and exceedingly elegant. The action of this play is affecting and moral. A husband deserts his wife, because his series of love-tales lasted not beyond the first; throwing the wreck of his fortune (all that the gaming-table had left him) into the lap of a courtesan, by whom he is jilted and ruined; and only saved from ruin and restored to happiness by the successful practice of sinister arts, which suffering virtue is constrained to adopt to circumvent vice, without sharing in its contamination. It would seem from the Prologue, that Don Carlos and Don Juan are intended to be the principal characters, and Don Antonio, Olivia, and Minetta, merely subordinate, to enliven the business of the play. Whatever might have been the intention, the effect is clean contrary upon the stage. The comic characters maintain their supremacy by their vivacious adventures and intrigues, and throw the *larmoyante* portion comparatively into the shade. Mrs. Cowley is most successful in her delineation of the well-bred gentlewoman. She truly judged that innocence is not incompatible with gaiety of manners.

There is an under plot, in which Gaspar, Don Caesar's steward, induces the mistress of Don Carlos to destroy the deed that is his wife and family, personates the rich old uncle of Dame Olivia, who, with two-thirds of a century in his face, affects the mien of youth, conceals his baldness with amber locks, and the pain of the tooth-ache, to make you believe that the two rows of teeth he carries in his head, grew there! The scheme is successful, but the harlot refunds.

A Bold Stroke for a Husband, in which are judiciously mixed "harmless mirth and salutary woe."

The word "revival," when applied to this comedy, is a reproach to the present dramatic taste: that it should have been suffered to lie on a shelf even for a short season, is unaccountable. It has lately been revived and produced at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Webster, in the character of Don Juan, made another advance in his profession. Mr. Vining, who, in comical old men, has in some degree reconciled the loss of Munden, took a leaf out of the book of that incomparable comedian, in Don Caesar. Mr. Vining was entertaining in his character; and the profligacy and subsequent remorse of the truant were well portrayed by his brother, Mr. J. Vining. The Countess was equally meritorious. Miss E. Tree was all gaiety, grace, and elegance, in the accomplished Donna Olivia, and forcibly to our recollection the palmy days of legitimate comedy archness, flippancy, and pert assurance of Minetta were fully realised by Mrs. Humby, the queen of Abigail's; and her constancy, and patient endurance, found in Miss Taylor's character, and affecting representative.

for many seasons played a variety of character
cess. Her genteel comedy is sensible and e
her domestic tragedy—not tragedy upon sti
and pathetic. Her forte, however, is the T
the stage—the Jennys, Priscillas, and Miss
these she is arch, piquant, and romping, an
nothing to desire. Her personal attractions
jected her to a singular annoyance. Some ye
mad lover persecuted her with his addresses,
(the puppy!) from the stage-door to her own,
nued to haunt her steps, until the civil power
to his incivilities, and rewarded his breach of
ners with a straight jacket. It is pleasing tc
union of talent and worth. Whatever may be
sional abilities of Miss Taylor, they are fully
her private virtues. She is a good daughter a
The declining years and dying pillow of her
supported and cheered by her tender sollicitu
assiduously strives to “keep awhile one parer
sky,” by the same consoling attentions and w
A good daughter always makes a good wife; a
Miss Taylor shall think fit to change her n
(which we hold most unlikely) she change her
man bids fair to be happy who makes her the
choice.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

Proslip
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	<i>Drury Lane, 1830.</i>	<i>Haymarket, 1836.</i>
lio	Mr. R. Jones.	Mr. Vining. — <i>Frank</i>
rios	Mr. Wallack.	Mr. J. Vining. — <i>J. E. Lee</i>
esar	Mr. W. Farren.	Mr. Strickland. — <i>F. Cliffe</i>
ncentio	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Webster. — <i>M. Payne</i>
rcia	Mr. J. Vining.	Mr. Selby. — <i>Geo. Ford</i>
isquez	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. T. F. Matthews. — <i>J. Long</i>
.	Mr. Browne.	Mr. Gough. — <i>J. E. Lee</i>
.	Mr. Webster.	Mr. Worrell. — <i>J. E. Lee</i>
Olivia	Miss Mordaunt.	Miss E. Tree. — <i>L. W. Comu</i>
Victoria	Mrs. Faucit.	Miss Taylor. — <i>Miss J. Bu</i>
Laura	Miss Fawcett.	Miss Wrighten. — <i>Miss J. Bu</i>
Marcella	Mrs. Newcombe.	Miss E. Phillips. — <i>Miss J. Bu</i>
.	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Humby. — <i>Miss J. Bu</i>
.	Mrs. Webster.	Miss Gallot. — <i>Miss J. Bu</i>
.	Mrs. East.	Miss Gordon. — <i>Miss J. Bu</i>

SCENE—Madrid, Spain.

Costume.

- JULIO.**—White satin Spanish doublet, trimmed with silver lined with blue satin—blue scarf—full slashed trunks—white hose—white shoes, with blue rosettes—lace collar—ornaments on neck—sword and belt—white hat, and ostrich feathers.
- CARLOS.**—White kerseymere doublet, cloak, and trunks—russet boots—black Spanish hat, with white ostrich feather diamond loop—sword, ruff, &c. The dress slashed with silver trimmed with silver lace and buttons.
- CÆSAR.**—Black velvet and gold doublet, trunks, and cloak—russet shoes—hat and ostrich feathers—sword and ruff.
- VINCENTIO.**—White kerseymere doublet, cloak, and panelashed with white satin, and trimmed with silver lace—hat to match—ruff, chain, and sword.
- GARCIA.**—Scarlet and silver doublet, cloak, and pantaloons—black hat and feathers—sword—russet boots.
- VASQUEZ.**—Plum-coloured doublet, trunks, cloak, and hood with purple satin—collar—red hose—russet shoes.
- ER.**—*First dress:* Black and orange doublet, trunks, and collar—red hose—russet shoes—gray hairs. *Second dress:* satin and silver doublet, trunks, and cloak—several orders on neck—red ribbon, and eye-glass—cane, collar, &c.
- JO.**—Brown and scarlet doublet, trunks, and cloak—blue russet shoes—collar.
- ANT.**—Blue and scarlet ditto.
- NA OLIVIA.**—White satin and silver Spanish dress—white hose—several ornaments, feathers, &c.
- NA VICTORIA.**—*First dress:* White satin Spanish dress, *Second dress, as a Cavalier:* Canary Spanish tunic—collar hat and ostrich feathers—white silk stockings—white lace-up sword, &c.
- NA LAURA.**—Blue satin and silver Spanish dress.
- NA MARCELLA.**—Pink satin and lace dress—white veil.
- MTE.**—Claret-coloured petticoat—black velvet body—blue apron—white slip—black satin shoes—the dress trimmed all bell-buttons and pink and blue ribbon.
- Orange-coloured petticoat, ditto.
- HA.**—Blue silk petticoat, ditto.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

Woe ! if not brought down by a bold stroke,
With agonizing sportive in his eyes,
Thine's a cutting' look should make me shew,
I saw all our saplings of the tough old tree.

Women, who wear Elysium in their look,
And men, unconquer'd as their native oak,
But yet a word or two I'll briefly say,
To prove we're right in naming of our play.

Of human conduct, in each varied scene,
Th' extreme succeeds beyond the patient mean ;
If eminence in rank our bosoms fire,—
If merit to preferment dare aspire,
Follow the active, not the formal part,
" And snatch a grace beyond the rules of art."
Bold Strokes, from bounding genius firmly struck,
Attract success, more than the turns of luck.
The bankrupt swindler, though to pay unable,
Oft mends his fortune by the E O table ;
Or, failing there, he acts a braver part,
And takes a purse — *a Bold Stroke for the Curl !*
The gamester, too, forgets each tender tie,
And ventures his last guinea on a die ;
Till ruin'd, and repenting of the evil,
He hangs himself — *a Bold Stroke for the Devil !*
The fortune-hunter sports a suit of lace,
In this a count, a lord in t'other place ;
Success at length, begins his married life
At Gretna Green — *a Bold Stroke for a Wife !*

But are bold strokes to vicious men confin'd ?
Does virtue lie inactive in the mind ?
It cannot be, while England's genius breathes,
And many a brow is deck'd with laurel wreaths.
Bold strokes in war are England's greatest pride
Think how a HOOD has lived, a MANNERS died !

Our play holds forth the conquest of a heart
By one bold stroke of nature, not of art :
A female pen calls female virtue forth,
And fairly shows to man her sex's worth.
Could men but see what female sense can do,
How apt their wit, their constancy how true,
In vain would rakes the married state revile.

A. Rippen BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Madrid.*

Enter SANCHA from a house, R. S. E.—she advances L. C., then runs back, and beckons to Pedro within the house.

San. Hist! Pedro! Pedro!

Enter PEDRO from the house, R. S. E.

Where he is! dost see him, just turning by St. Antony in the corner? Now, do you tell him that your mistress is not at home; and if his jealous Donship should insist on searching the house, as he did yesterday, say that somebody is ill—the black has got a fever, or that—

Ped. Pho! pho! get you in. [*Crossing to L.*] Don't I know that the duty of a lacquey in Madrid is to lie with a good grace? I have been studying it now for a whole week, and I'll defy Don or Devil to surprise me into a truth. Get you in, I say; here he comes.

[*Exit Sancha into the house, R. S. E.*]

Enter DON CARLOS, L.

Ped. [*Strutting up to him.*] Donna Laura is not at home, sir.

Car. Not at home! Come, sir, what have you received for telling that lie?

Ped. Lie—lie! signor!

Car. It must be a lie by your promptness in delivering it. What a fool does your mistress trust! A clever rascal would have waited my approach, and, delivering the message with easy coolness, deceived me;—thou hast been on the watch, and runnest towards me with a face of stupid importance, bawling, that she may hear through the lattice how well thou obeyest her, "Donna Laura is not at home, sir!"

Ped. Hear through the lattice!—Hah! by'r lady! she

Oh!—Why, nobody, sir; only the pretty gentleman's valet, waiting for an answer to a brought. There! I have saved my ears at the place! I have worn this fine coat but a wee shall be sent back to Segovia for not being able though I have been learning the art six days and

Car. Well, come this way;—if thou wilt prove faithful to me, I will not betray thee, nor at present the house.

Ped. Oh, sir, blessings on you!

Car. How often does the pretty young gentleman come here?

Ped. Every day, sir; if he misses, madam's daughter?

Car. Where does he live?

Ped. Truly, I know not, sir.

Car. [*Menacing.*] How!

Ped. By the honesty of my mother, I cannot. She calls him Florio; that's his christian name; then name I never heard.

Car. You must acquaint me when they are together.

Ped. Lord, sir, if there should be any blood shed

Car. Promise, or I'll lead thee by the ears to the

Pro. I promise—I promise!

Car. [*Giving money.*] There, take that; and art faithful, I'll treble it. [*Crossing to L.*] Now and be a good lad; and—d'ye hear?—you must be true to every body else, but remember you must always tell the truth to me.

Ped. I will, sir, I will.

[*Exit into the house, R. S. E., looking at the*

Car. 'Tis well my passion is extinguished, I now act with coolness. I'll wait patiently for their security, and take them in the softest manner their love. But if ever I trust to woman in every—

Enter DON JULIO, R.

Jul. Don Carlos!—Yes, by all the sober gods of matrimony! Why, what business, goodman gravity, can'st thou have in Madrid? I understand you are married—settled in your own pastures—father of a family, and the instructive companion of country vine-dressers.—*[Laughing.]* Ha, ha, ha!

Car. 'Tis false, by heaven! I have forsworn the country, left my family, and run away from my wife.

Jul. Really!—Then matrimony has not totally destroyed thy free will?

Car. 'Tis with difficulty I have preserved it, though; women, thou knowest, are most unreasonable beings. Soon as I had exhausted my stock of love-tales, which, in my management, lasted beyond the honey-moon, madam grew sullen; I found home dull, and amused myself with the pretty peasants of the neighbourhood. Worse and worse! We had nothing now but faintings, tears, and hysterics, for twenty-four honey-moons more. So, one morning, I gave her in her sleep a farewell kiss, to comfort her when she should awake, and posted to Madrid; where, it was not for the remembrance of the clog at my heel, I could bound o'er the regions of pleasure, with more spirit than a young Arabian on his mountains.

Jul. Do you find this clog no hindrance in affairs of galantry?

Car. Not much. *[Crossing, and pointing to R. S. E.]* In that house there—but, d—n her! she perfidious—in that case is a woman of beauty, with pretensions to character and fortune, who devoted herself to my passion.

Jul. (L.) If she's perfidious, give her to the winds.

Car. Ah, but there is a rub, Julio: I have been a fool and a woman's fool. In a state of intoxication, she wheedled me, or rather cheated me, out of a settlement.

Jul. Pho! is that—

Car. Oh! but you know not its nature: a settlement of lands, that both honour and gratitude ought to have been reserved sacred from such base alienation. In short, if I cannot recover them, I am a ruined man.

Jul. Nay, this seems a worse clog than t'other. Poor Carlos! so bewived and be—

Car. Pr'ythee, have compassion!

Enter A. Secretly, and reads a letter to Julio—He reads, and then calls to the Secretist, who exits, l.

Car. All opportunities, I'll be sworn, by that alibi, and satisfaction. Come, be friendly, and be satisfied.

Jul. *(Putting up the letters.)* You are married, Carlo! How can I have known you are married.

Car. You are a fool—just long ago, and ought to be forgotten; but if a man does a foolish thing once, he'll be of it all his life.

Jul. Aye; the time has been when thou might'st have been entrusted with such a dear secret—when I might have opened the billet, and feasted thee with the sweet meandering strokes at the bottom, which form her name when—

Car. What, 'tis from a woman, then?

Jul. It is.

Car. Handsome?

Jul. Hum!—Not absolutely handsome, but she'll pass with one who has not had his taste spoiled by—matrimony.

Car. Malicious dog! Is she young?

Jul. Under twenty; fair complexion, azure eyes, red lips, teeth of pearl, polished neck, fine turned shape, graceful—

Car. Hold, Julio, if thou lov'st me! Is it possible she can be so bewitching a creature?

Jul. 'Tis possible; though, to deal plainly, I never loved her; but I love my own pleasure so well, that I can fancy all that, and ten times more.

Car. What star does she inhabit?

Jul. Faith, I know not; my orders are to be in wait at seven, at the Prado.

Car. The Prado!—hey? Gad! can't you take with you? For though I have forsworn the sex myself, and have done with them for ever, yet I may be of use to you, you know.

Jul. Faith, I can't see that. However, as you are

I.—*A spacious Garden belonging to Don César.*

Enter MINETTE and INIS, L.

ere, will that do? My lady sent me to make
osegay; these orange flowers are delicious, and
ow sweet!

o! what signifies wearing sweats in her bosom,
y would sweeten her manners? 'Tis amazing
e so much at your ease; one might think your
ue was a lute, and her morning scolds an agree-
ide.

y they are—custom, you know. I have been
r music now these two years, and I don't believe
ish my breakfast without it.

would rather never break my fast, than do it on
e. What a difference between your mistress and
onna Victoria is as much too gentle, as her cou-
arsh.

y, and you see what she gets by it. Had she
spirited, perhaps her husband would not have
er. Men, enlisted under the matrimonial ban-
hose under the king's, would be often tempted
y from their colours, if fear did not keep them
f desertion.

making a husband afraid is the way to keep him
believe your lady will be the happiest wife in

Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! How people may be
—Nay, how people are deceived! But time will
l things.

hat—what is there a secret in the business,

If there is, hang time; let's have it directly!
ow, if I dared but tell ye—lud! lud! how I
rise ye!

[Going, L.

Stopping her.] Don't go!

must go; I am on the very brink of betraying
is; I must leave you. Mercy upon me! it rises
read!

hope it will choke ye, if you stir till I know all!
'ill you never breathe a syllable?

ever.

'ill you strive to forget it the moment you have

I swear to myself forty times a day to forget it.

Let me be hid from the

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Enter DON CÆSAR and GASPER, L.

Gas. Take comfort, sir, take comfort.

Cæs. Take it!—Why, where the devil shall I find it? You may say, Take physic, sir, or, Take poison, sir; they are to be had;—but what signifies bidding me take comfort, when I can neither buy it, beg it, nor steal it?

Gas. But patience will bring it, sir.

Cæs. 'Tis false, sirrah! Patience is a cheat, and the man that ranked her with the cardinal virtues was a fool. I have had patience at bed and board these three long years, but the comfort she promised has never called it with a civil—How d'ye?

Gas. Ay, sir, but you know the poets say, that the twin-sister and companion of comfort is good humour. Now, if you would but drop that agreeable acidity which is so conspicuous—

Cæs. Then let my daughter drop her perverse humour 'tis a more certain bar to marriage than ugliness or folly and will send me to my grave at last without male heir. [*Weeping.*] How many have laid siege to her! But the humour of her's, like the works of Gibraltar, no Spaniard can find pregnable. [*Crosses to*

Gas. Ay, well! Troy held out but ten years. Let her once tell over her beads, unmarried, at five-and-twenty and, my life upon it, she ends the rosary with a heart

You are but a young gentleman of sixty-three, I take it; and a husband of sixty-three, who marries a wife of nine-and-thirty, will never want heirs, take my word for it.

Ces. What! do you joke, sirrah?

Ces. Oh, no, sir, not if you are serious. I think it would be one of the pleasantest things in the world. Madam would throw a new life into the family; and when you are above stairs in the gout, sir, the music of her concerts, and the spirit of her converzationes, would reach your sick bed, and be a thousand times more comforting than flannels and panada.

Ces. Come, come, I understand ye. But this daughter of mine—I shall give her but two chances more. Don Garcia and Don Vincentio will both be here to-day; and when they play over the old game, I'll marry to-morrow morning, if I hang myself the next.

Ces. You decide right, signor: at sixty-three, the marriage noose and the hempen noose should always go together.

Ces. Why, you dog you! do you suppose—[*Looking out, L.*] There's Don Garcia—there he is, coming through the portico. Run to my daughter, and bid her remember what I have said to her. [*Exit Gasper, R.*] She has had her lesson, but another memento mayn't be amiss; a young man! pretty, and witty, and rich; a match for a prince, and yet—But hist! not a word to my young man: if I can but keep him in ignorance till he is married, he must make the best of his bargain afterwards, as other honest men have done before him.

Enter DON GARCIA, L.

Welcome, Don Garcia! Why, you are rather before your time.

Gar. Gallantry forbid that I should not, when a fair lady is concerned! Should Donna Olivia welcome me as frankly as you do, I shall think I have been tardy.

Ces. When you made your overtures, signor, I understood it was from inclination to be allied to my family, not from a particular passion to my daughter. Have you ever seen her?

Gar. But once—that transiently, yet sufficient to convince me that she is charming.

Ces. Why, yes, though I say it, there are few prettier women in Madrid; and she has got enemies amongst her own sex accordingly. They pretend to say that—I say,

... considering how much she has been humbled
... gentle and pliant as—

Re-enter MINETTE hastily, R.

Min. Oh, sir! shield me from my mistress! She is one of her old tempers; the whole house is in an uproar I cannot support it!

Cæs. [*Apart to her.*] Hush!

Min. No, sir, I can't hush; a saint could not bear I am tired of her tyranny, and must quit her service.

Cæs. Then quit it in a moment; go to my steward, receive your wages; go—begone! [*To Garcia.*] 'Tis my cousin of my daughter's she is speaking of.

Min. A cousin, sir! No, 'tis Donna Olivia, my daughter—my mistress. [*To Garcia.*] Oh, sir! you seem to be a sweet, tender-hearted young gentleman; 'twould move you to pity, if—

Cæs. I'll move you, hussy, to some purpose, if you do move off.

Gar. I am really confounded!—Can the charm Olivia—

Cæs. Spite, sir—mere malice. My daughter has fused her some cast gown, or some—

Olivia. [*Without, R.*] Where is she?—Where is Minette?

Cæs. Oh! 'tis all over!—The tempest is coming!

Enter OLIVIA, R.

Oli. [*To Minette.*] Oh, you vile creature!—To speak to me—to answer me! Am I made to be answered?

Cæs. Daughter! daughter!

[*During the following conversation, Don Cæsar trays the most anxious impatience.*]

Oli. (c.) Because I threw my work-bag at her, she the insolence to complain; and, on my repeating it, she would not bear it! Servants choose what they can bear!

II.] A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND. 17

(R.) When you are married, ma'am, I hope your d will bear your humour less patiently than I have

My husband!—Dost think my husband shall comply will? Oh! I long to set a pattern to those wives, whose mean compliances degrade the sex!

(L.) [*Aside.*] Opportune!

The only husband on record who knew how to wife was Socrates; and, though his lady was a Greek, have some reason to believe her descendants d into our family; and never shall my tame sub- disgrace my ancestry.

Heavens!—Why have you never curbed this in- ative spirit, Don Cæsar?

[*Starting.*] Curbed, sir!—Talk thus to your Curbs and bridles for a woman's tongue!

Not for yours, lady, truly—'tis too late! But e torrent, now so overbearing, been taken at its it might have been stemmed, and turned in gentle lets at the master's pleasure.

A mistake, friend: my spirit, at its spring, was too ul for any master.

Indeed!—Perhaps you may meet a Petruchio, Katharine, yet.

But no gentle Katharine will he find me, believe it. ine!—Why, she had not the spirit of a roasted t! A few big words, an empty oath, and a scanty made her as submissive as a spaniel. My fire will so soon extinguished; it shall resist big words, and starving!

(R.) I believe so, indeed. Help the poor gentle- say, to whose fate you fall!

Don Cæsar, adieu! My commiseration for your bdues the resentment I should otherwise feel at your ouring to deceive me into such a marriage.

Marriage!—Oh, mercy! [*Aside to her father.*] Is n Garcia?

(L. c.) Yes, termagant!

Oh, what a misfortune! Why did you not tell me the gentleman you designed to marry me to? [*To*

.] Oh, sir! all that is past was in sport—a contri- between my maid and me;—I have no spirit at all; s patient as poverty.

This mask sits too ill on your features, fair lady: seen you without disguise, and rejoice in your ig-

pray for your conversion, rather than have the
it, I'd turn Dominican, and condemn myself to
celibacy!

Cæs. Now, hussy! now, hussy! what do you

Oli. Dear me! how can you be so unreasona-
ever daughter do more to oblige a father? I
begged the man to have me.

Cæs. Yes, vixen! after you had made him
What! I suppose he did not hit your fancy
though there is not in all Spain a man of prett
sation.

Oli. Yes, he has a very pretty kind of cor-
'tis like a parenthesis.

Cæs. Like a parenthesis!

Oli. Yes; it might be all left out, and never
However, I thought him a modest kind of a we
young man, and that he would make a pretty
husband; for, notwithstanding his blustering
his wife, in three months he should have been
and complaisant as—

Cæs. Ay, there it is—there it is! [*Crossing*]
spirit of yours, hussy, you can neither conque
ceal; but I'll find a way to tame it, I'll warran

[*Exit, r.—Olivia and Minette follow him
eyes, and then burst out into laughter.*]

Min. (L.) Well, madam, I give you joy!
ladies as much success in getting lovers, as y
getting rid of yours, what contented faces we sh

Oli. (R.) But to what purpose do I get rid
whilst they rise in succession like monthly pir
there ever anything so provoking? After some
believing the men had ceased to trouble themse
me, no less than two proposals have been made
exorable father this very day! What will beco

Min. What should become of you? You'll
from the pair, I hope. Believe me, madam, th

to get rid of the imperiousness of lovers is to take one, and make him a scarecrow to the rest.

Oli. Oh! but I cannot. Invention, assist me this one day!

Min. Upon my word, madam, invention owes you nothing; and I am afraid you can draw on that bank no longer. You must trust to your established character of vixen.

Oli. But that won't frighten 'em all, you know, though it did its business with sober Don Garcia.

Min. And pray, madam, if I may be so bold, who is the next gentleman?

Oli. Oh, Don Vincentio, who distracts everybody with his skill in music. He ought to be married to a viol de gamba. I bless my stars I have never yet had a miser in my list: on such a character all art would be lost, and nothing but an earthquake, to swallow up my estate, could save me.

Min. Well, if some one did but know how happy would some one be, that for his sake—

Oli. Now, don't be impatient, Minette. You have several times attempted to slide yourself into a secret, which I am resolved to keep to myself. Continue faithful, and suppress your curiosity. [Exit, R.]

Min. Suppress my curiosity, madam! Why, I am a chambermaid, and a sorry one, too, it should seem, to have been in your confidence two years, and never have got the master-secret yet. I never was six weeks in a family before, but I know every secret they had in it for three generations; aye, and I'll know this, too, or I'll blow up all her plans, and declare to the world that she is no more a vixen than other fine ladies—they have most of 'em a touch on't. [Exit, R.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Mansion of Don Cesar.

Enter VICTORIA, L., perusing a letter, and OLIVIA, R.

Oli. Smiling, I protest! My dear, gloomy cousin, where have you purchased that sun-shiny look?

Vic. It is but April sunshine, I fear; but who could

Yes, powerful witchery—the knowledge of sex. Not a woman breathing, from fifteen to fifty, would rather have a compliment to the tip of her ear the turn of her ankle, than a volume in praise of her talents.

Oli. So flattery, then, is your boasted pill ?

Vic. No, that's only the occasional gilding ; but 't vain to attempt a description of what changed its na with every moment. I was now attentive, now gay, tender, then careless. I strove rather to convince that I was charming, than that I myself was char and when I saw love's arrow quivering in her heart, in of falling at her feet, sung a triumphant air, and ren bered a sudden engagement.

Oli. [*Archly.*] Would you have done so, had you a man ?

Vic. Assuredly, knowing what I now do as a woma

Oli. But can all this be worth while, merely to ri fickle husband with one woman, whilst he is setting feather, perhaps, at half a score others ?

Vic. To rival him was not my first motive. The tugeze robbed me of his heart ; I concluded she had cinations which nature had denied to me ; it was imp ble to visit her as a woman ; I therefore assumed the valier to study her, that I might, if possible, be to Carlos all he found in her.

Oli. Pretty humble creature !

Vic. In this adventure I learned more than I exp My—oh, cruel !—my husband has given this woma estate—almost all that his dissipations had left us.

Oli. Indeed !

Vic. To make him more culpable, it was my estat was that fortune which my lavish love had made his, out securing it to my children.

Oli. How could you be so improvident ?

Vic. Alas ! I trusted him with my heart—with my

ness, without restriction. Should I have shown a greater latitude for anything than for these? [*Weeps.*]

Ol. The event proves that you should. But how can I be thus passive in your sorrow? Since I had assumed a man, I'd make him feel a man's resentment for such injuries.

Vic. Oh, Olivia! what resentment can I show to him I have vowed to honour, and whom both my duty and my heart compel me yet to love? You, who know me, can judge how I suffered in prosecuting my plan. I have known off the delicacy of sex—I have worn the mask of love to the destroyer of my peace; but the object is too great to be abandoned,—nothing less than to save my husband from ruin, and to restore him, again a lover, to my faithful bosom! [*Crosses to R.*]

Ol. Well, I confess, Victoria, I hardly know whether most to blame or praise you; but, with the rest of the world, I suppose, your success will determine me.

Enter GASPER, L.

Gas. (L.) [*To Olivia.*] Pray, madam, are your wedding shoes ready?

Ol. (c.) Insolence! [*Apart to Victoria.*] I can scarcely ever keep up the vixen to this fellow.

Gas. You'll want them, ma'am, to morrow-morning, that's all; so I came to prepare ye.

Ol. I want wedding shoes to morrow! If you are kept a water gruel till I marry, that plump face of yours will be chap-fallen, I believe.

Gas. Yes, truly, I believe so, too. Lackaday! did you suppose I came to bring you news of your own wedding? No such glad tidings for you, lady, believe me. You married! I am sure the man who ties himself to you ought to be half a salamander, and able to live in fire!

Ol. What marriage, then, is it you do me the honour to inform me of?

Gas. Why, your father's marriage. You'll have a mother-in-law to-morrow; and having, like a dutiful daughter, danced at the wedding, be immured in a convent for life.

Ol. Immured in a convent! Then I'll raise sedition in the sisterhood, depose the abbess, and turn the confessor's air to a go-cart!

Gas. So, the threat of the mother-in-law, which I thought would be worse than that of the abbess, does not frighten ye?

cats to cure her.

Vic. Has Inis told you I wanted to converse with you in private, Gasper?

Gas. Oh, yes, madam; and I took particular notice that it was to be in private. "Sure," says I, "Inis, Madame Victoria has not taken a fancy to me, going to break her mind?"

Vic. Whimsical! [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! Suppose you should, Gasper?

Gas. Why, then, madam, I should say fortune has used you devilish scurvily, to give me a graybear livery. I know well enough that some young ladies given themselves to graybeards in a gilded coach, and others have run away with a handsome youth in waltz; they each had their apology; but if you run away with me—pardon me, madam—I could not stand the ridicule.

Vic. Oh, very well; but if you refuse to run away with me, will you do me another favour?

Gas. Anything you'll order, madam, except dancing the fandango.

Vic. You have seen my rich old uncle in the country?

Gas. What, Don Sancho, who, with two-thirds of a century in his face, affects the misdemeanors of a young man, hides his baldness with amber locks, and complains of tooth-ache, to make you believe that the two rows of hair he carries in his head grew there.

Vic. Oh! you know him, I find. Could you play off his character for an hour, and make love for him? I know it must be in the style of King Roderigo the last night.

Gas. Hang it! I am rather too near his own age to appear an old man with effect, one should not be twenty; 'tis always so on the stage.

Vic. Pho! you might pass for Juan's grandson.

Gas. Nay, if your ladyship condescends to flat me, you have me.

SCENE I.] A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND. 23

Vic. Then follow me, [*Crossing to L.*] for Don Cæsar, I hear, is approaching. In the garden I'll make you acquainted with my plan, and impress on your mind every trait of my uncle's character. If you can hit him off, the arts of Laura shall be foiled, and Carlos be again Victoria's. [*Exeunt, L.*]

Enter DON CÆSAR, R., followed by OLIVIA.

Ces. No, no—'tis too late! No coaxings; I am resolved, I say.

Oli. But it is not too late, and you sha'n't be resolved, I say! Indeed, now, I'll be upon my guard with the next Don—what's his name?—not a trace of the Xantippe left. I'll study to be charming.

Ces. Nay, you need not study it; you are always charming enough, if you would but hold your tongue.

Oli. Do you think so? Then to the next lover I won't open my lips: I'll answer everything he says with a smile, and, if he asks me to have him, drop a courtesy of thankfulness.

Ces. Psha! that's too much t'other way;—you're always either above the mark, or below it. You must talk, but talk with good humour. Can't you look gently and prettily, now, as I do, and say, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and "'Tis very fine weather, sir," and "Pray, sir, were you at the ball last night?" and "I caught a sad cold the other evening;" and "Bless me! I hear Lucinda has run away with her footman, and Don Philip has married his housemaid!" That's the way agreeable ladies talk; you never hear anything else.

Oli. Very true; and you shall see me, as agreeable as the best of 'em, if you won't give me a mother-in-law to snub me, and set me tasks, and to take up all the fine apartments, and send up your poor little Livy to lodge next the stars.

Ces. Ah, if thou wert but always thus soft and good-humoured, ~~no mother-in-law~~ in Spain, though she brought the Castles for her portion, should have power to snub thee. But, Livy, the trial's at hand; for at this moment do I expect Don Vincentio to visit you. He is but just returned from England, and probably has yet heard only of your beauty and fortune. I hope it is not from you he will learn the other part of your character.

Oli. This moment expect him!—Two new lovers in a day!

and correct all your similes and your simperis, as
ber all I have said to you. Be gentle, and talk
small talk—d'ye hear?—and if you please him
have the portion of a Dutch burgomaster's dau;
the pin-money of a princess, you jade you! [
ing.] I think at last I have done it: the fear o
ther-in-law will keep down the fiend in her, it
can.

Oli. Ha! my poor father, your anxieties will
till you bring Don Julio. Command me to sa
petulence, my liberty to him, and Iphigenia he
not be more obedient. But what shall I do with
centio? I fear he is so perfectly harmonized, t
him in an ill temper will be impracticable. I
however: if 'tis possible to find a discord in him,
the string.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the M*

Enter DON VINCENTIO and DON CÆSAR

Vin. (R.) Presto—presto! signor, where is t
Not a moment to spare. I left off in all the fu
position; minims and crotches have been l
through my head the whole day, and trying a se
G sharp has made me as flat as double F.

Cæs. (L. c.) Sharp and flat! trying a semibre
gad, sir, I had like not to have understood y
semibreve is something of a demi-culverin, I tal
you have been practising the art military.

Vin. Art military! What, sir! are you un
with music?

Cæs. Music!—Oh, I ask pardon. Then you
of music? [*Aside.*] 'Ware of discords!

Vin. Fond of it!—Devoted to it. I compos
to-day in all the gusto of Sacchini and the sw
Glück; but this recreant finger fails me in con

: II.] A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND. 25

e in E octave. If it does not gain more elastic vigour in a week, I shall be tempted to have it amputated, and to supply the shake with a spring.

. Mercy! amputate a finger to supply a shake!

. Oh! that's a trifle in the road to reputation: to be the possessor of is the summum bonum of this life. A young man should not glide through the world without a distinguished rage, or, as they call it in England, a hobby-horse.

. A hobby-horse!

. Yes; that is, every man of figure determines on his hobby-horse; out in life, in that land of liberty, in what line to himself; and that choice is called his hobby-horse. One takes the turf his scene of action; another drives tall phœtous, to peep into their neighbours' garrets; and a third rides his hobby-horse in parliament, it jerks him sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other—sometimes in, and sometimes out; till at last he is jerked out of his honesty, and his constituents their freedom.

~~. Aye!—Well, 'tis a wonder that, with such sort of hobby-horses as these, they should still outride all the rest to the goal of glory.~~

. This is all cantable—nothing to do with the substance of the piece, which is Donna Olivia. Pray give me a note to her heart.

. Upon my word, signor—to speak in your own name—I believe that note has never yet been sounded. *[Sings and looking off, R.]* Ah! here she comes—look!—Isn't she a charming girl?

. (L. c.) Touching!—Musical, I'll be sworn; her voice is harmonious.

. *[Aside, c.]* I wish you may not find her tongue so

inter Olivia, R., *courtesying profoundly to each.*

inter, receive Don Vincentio. His rank, fortune, and merit entitle him to be the heir of a grandee; but he is contented to become my son-in-law, if you can please

[Olivia courtesies again.]

. Please me!—She entrances me! her presence charms me like a cadenza of Pachierotti's, and every nerve is affected to the music of her looks! *[Crossing to c.]*

Her step andante gently moves,
Pianos glance from either eye;

Oh! how larghetto is the heart
That charms so fortè can defy!

MARKED CHARACTER, AND MAINTAIN IT AT ALL HAZARD

Oli. 'Tis a very fine day, sir.

Vin. Madam!

Oli. I caught a sad cold the other evenin
you at the hall last night?

Vin. What ball, fair lady?

Oli. Bless me! they say Lucinda has run
footman, and Don Philip has married his
[*Apart to her father, who comes forward, &*
not very agreeable?

Cæs. [*Aside.*] Oh! such perverse obedier

Vin. Really, madam, I have not the ho
Don Philip and Lucinda; nor am I happy es
to comprehend you.

Oli. No!—I only meant to be agreeable.
you have no taste for pretty little small talk!

Vin. Pretty little small talk!

Oli. A marked character you admire; so
on it. I would not resemble the rest of the
thing.

Vin. My taste to the fiftieth part of a c
shall agree admirably when we are married.

Oli. And that will be unlike the rest of th
therefore charming.

Cæs. [*Aside.*] It will do! I have hit h
last! Why didn't this young dog offer hims

Oli. I believe I have the honour to carry
way farther than you, Don Vincentio. Pra
is your usual style in living?

Vin. My winters I spend in Madrid, as
do; my summers I drawl through at my cast

Oli. As other people do. And yet you pr
and singularity! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!
Vincentio, never talk of a marked characte
into the country in July to smell roses an
when *everybody* regales on their fragrance!

licate only in winter, and my bleak castle should be decorated with verdure and flowers, amidst the soft zephyrs of December.

Ces. [*Aside, L.*] Oh! she'll go too far!

Ol. On the leafless trees I would hang green branches like the labour of silk-worms, and therefore natural; whilst the rose-shrubs and myrtles should be scented by the first summers in Italy—unnatural, indeed, but therefore singular and striking.

Vis. Oh, charming! You beat me where I thought myself the strongest. Would they but establish newspapers here, to paragraph our singularities, we should be the most envied couple in Spain.

Ces. [*Aside.*] By St. Anthony! he is as mad as she is!

Vis. What say you, Don Cæsar? Olivia and her window-garden, and I and my music.

Ol. Music, did you say?—Music!—I am passionately fond of that.

Ces. [*Aside.*] She has saved my life! I thought she was going to knock down his hobby-horse.

Vis. You enchant me! I have the finest band in Madrid; my first violin draws a longer bow than Giardini; my clarinets, my viol de gamba—Oh, you shall have such concerts!

Ol. Concerts!—Pardon me there. My passion is a single instrument.

Vis. That's carrying singularity very far indeed! I love a crash; so does everybody of taste.

Ol. But my taste isn't like everybody's; my nerves are so particularly fine, that more than one instrument overpowers them.

Vis. Pray tell me the name of that one; I am sure it must be the most elegant and captivating in the world. I am impatient to know it. We'll have no other instrument in Spain, and I will study to become its master, that I may woo you with its music. Charming Olivia! Tell me—is it a harpsichord? a pianoforte? a pentachord? a harp?

Ol. You have it—you have it!—A harp—yes, a Jew's harp is to me the only instrument. Are you not charmed with the delightful h—u—m of its base, running on the ear like the distant rumble of a stage-coach? It presents the idea of vastness and importance to the mind. The moment you are its master, I'll give you my hand.

Vis. Da capo! madam, da capo!—A Jew's harp!

... as well to talk on the same subject in fifty different tongues. A band! 'tis a mere olio of sound;—I rather listen to a three-stringed guitar, serenading a sempstress in some neighbouring garret.

Cæs. Oh! you—Don Vincentio, this is nothing but perverseness—wicked perverseness. Hussy! didn't you shake when you mentioned a garret?—Didn't bread and water and a step-mother come into your head at the same time?

Vin. Piano—piano! good sir. Spare yourself all further trouble. Should the Princess of Guzzarat, and her diamond mines, offer themselves, I would not accept them in lieu of my band—a band that has half ruined me to collect. I would have allowed Donna Olivia a blooming garden in winter; I would even have procured barrenness and snow for her in the dog-days; but to have my ban insulted—to have my knowledge in music slighted—to be roused from all the energies of composition by the droning of a Jew's harp!—I cannot breathe under the idea!

Cæs. Then—then you refuse her, sir?

Vin. I cannot use so harsh a word: I take my leave of the lady. [*Crossing to L.*] Adieu, madam! I leave you to enjoy your solos, whilst I fly to the raptures of a crash! [*Exit, 1*]

[*Don Cæsar advances towards Olivia, looks sternly in her face, and, without uttering a word, exits B.*]

Oli. Mercy! that silent anger is terrifying! I read young mother-in-law, and an old lady abess, in every line of his face!

Enter VICTORIA, L.

Well, you heard the whole, I suppose—heard poor unhappy me scorned and rejected?

Vic. I heard you in imminent danger; and expected Signor Da Capo would have snapped you up, in spite of caprice and extravagance.

Oh. Oh, they charmed instead of scaring him. I soon found that my only chance was to fall across his caprice. Where is the philosopher who could withstand that?

Vic. But what, my good cousin, does all this tend to?

Oh. I dare say you can guess. Penelope had never seduced her lovers with a never-ending web, had she not had an Ulysses.

Vic. An Ulysses!—What, are you then married?

Oh. Oh, no—not yet; but, believe me, my design is not to lead apes, nor is my heart an icicle. [*Crossing to L.*] If we choose to know more, put on your veil, and slip with us through the garden to the Prado.

Vic. I can't, indeed; I am this moment going to dress in homme, to visit the impatient Portuguese.

Oh. Send an excuse, for positively you go with me.—Heaven and earth! I am going to meet a man, whom I have been fool enough to dream and think of these two years, and I don't know that ever he thought of me in his

Vic. Two years discovering that!

Oh. He has been abroad. The only time I ever saw him was at the Duchess of Medina's; there were a thousand people, and he was so elegant, so careless, so handsome! In a word, though he set off for France the next morning, by some witchcraft or other, he has been before my eyes ever since.

Vic. Was the impression mutual?

Oh. He hardly noticed me; I was then a bashful thing, cast out of a convent, and shrunk from observation.

Vic. Why, I thought you were going to meet him?

Oh. To be sure; I sent him a command this morning to be at the Prado. I am determined to find out if his heart is engaged, and if it is—

Vic. You'll cross your arms, and crown your brow with willows.

Oh. No, positively, not whilst we have myrtles. I would prefer Julio, 'tis true, to all his sex; but if he is stupid enough to be insensible to me, I sha'n't for that reason pine like a girl, on chalk and oatmeal. No, no: in that case, I shall form a new plan, and treat my future lovers with more civility.

Vic. You are the only woman in love I ever heard talk reasonably.

Oh. Well, prepare for the Prado, and I'll give you a lesson against your days of widowhood. Don't you wish

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Long Street in Madrid.*

Enter DON JULIO, hastily, from a garden-gate, R. U. E. a Servant within fastens the gate.

Jul. Yes, yes! bar the gate fast, Cerberus, lest so other curious traveller should stumble on your confine
If ever I am so caught again——

Enter DON GARCIA, hastily, R., and crosses to L.—He seizes him.

Don Garcia, never make love to a woman in a veil!

Gar. (L.) Why so, prithee? Veils and secrecy are chief ingredients in a Spanish amour; but in two ye Julio, thou art grown absolutely French.

Jul. (R. C.) That may be; but if ever I trust to a again, may no lovely, blooming beauty ever trust me Why, dost know, I have been an hour at the feet of creature, whose first birthday, must have been kept latter end of the last century, and whose trembling, & voice I mistook for the timid cadence of bashful fifteen

Gar. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!—What a happiness have seen thee in thy raptures, petitioning for half a glass only of the charms the evasive veil concealed!

Jul. Yes; and when she unveiled her Gothic countenance, to render the thing completely ridiculous, she gan moralizing; and positively would not let me out the snare, till I had persuaded her she had worked a version, and that I'd never make love but in an honest way again.

Gar. Oh! that honest way of love-making is delight

sure. I had a dose of it this morning; but, happy the ladies have not yet learned to veil their tempers, though they have their faces.

Enter DON VINCENTIO, L.

Julio! Garcia! congratulate me. Such an escape!

What have you escaped?

[Crossing to c.] Matrimony!

Nay, then, our congratulations may be mutual.—We had a matrimonial escape, too, this very day. I almost on the brink of the ceremony with the veriest tippe—

Oh, that was not my case: mine was a sweet creature—all elegance, all life.

Then where's the cause of congratulation?

Cause?—Why, she's ignorant of music; prefers to a canzonetta, and a Jew's harp to a pentachord.

Had my nymph no other fault, I would pardon her, for she was lovely and rich.

Mine, too, was lovely and rich, and I'll be sworn, ignorant of scolding as of the lute; but not to know music!

Gentle, lovely, and rich, and ignorant only of music!

A venial crime, indeed! If the sweet creature marry me, she shall carry a Jew's harp always in her pocket, as a Scotch Jaired does his bagpipes. I wish you'd share me your interest.

Oh, most willingly, if thou hast so gross an inclination.

I'll name thee as a dull-souled, largo fellow, to thy father, Don Cæsar.

Cæsar!—What, Don Cæsar—

De Zuniga.

Impossible!

Oh, I'll answer for her mother. So much is De Zuniga her father, that he does not know a semibreve from a culverin.

The name of the lady?

Olivia.

Why, you must be mad! That's my termagant.

Termagant! [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha! Thou certainly some vixen of a mistress, who infects thy kind towards the whole sex. Olivia is timid and elegant.

By Juno, there never existed such a scold!

By Orpheus, there never was a gayer tempered

choose to think so, I'll settle that point with you diately. But, for fear of consequences, I'll fly hore add the last bar to my concerto, and then meet you you please.

Jul. [*Interposing.*] Pho! this is evidently mis hension. To clear the matter up, I'll visit the l you'll introduce me, Vincentio;—but you shall bot mise to be governed in this dispute by my decision.

Vin. I'll introduce you with joy, if you'll try t suade her of the necessity of music, and the charms o mony.

Gar. Yes, she needs that; you'll find her all j discord.

Jul. Come, no more, Garcia; thou art but a a male vixen thyself. Melodious Vincentio! when expect you?

Vin. This evening.

Jul. Not this evening: I have engaged to meet: finch in a grove; then I shall have music, you rogu

Vin. It won't sing at night.

Jul. Then I'll talk to it till the morning, and pour out its matins to the rising sun. Call on: morrow; I'll then attend you to Donna Olivia, s clare faithfully the impression her character makes. Come, Garcia; I must not leave you together, l crotchets and your minums should fall into a crash cord.

[*Exeunt, Vincentio L., Julio and Ga*

SCENE II.—*The Prado.*

Enter DON CARLOS, L. U. E.

Car. All hail to the powers of Burgundy! Thre to my own share! What sorrows can stand agains flasks of Burgundy? I was a d—d melancholy fell morning, going to shoot myself to get rid of my tr

] A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND. 33

my troubles now? Gone to the moon, to look
; and there, I hope, they'll remain together, if
come back without t'other. But where is this
g, Julio? He fit to receive appointments from
ure I have not missed the hour? [*Looking at*
] No—but seven yet. Seven's the hour, by
of Burgundy! The rogue must be here. Let's
.
[*Retires up, L. U. E.*

or VICTORIA and OLIVIA, veiled, R. U. E

itively, mine's a pretty spark, to let me be first
e of appointment! I have half resolved to go
1, to punish him.
l answer for its being but half a resolution; to
tire would be to punish yourself. [*Observing*
here's a solitary man; is not that he?
ink not. If he'd please to turn his face this

at's impossible, while the loadstone is the other
is looking at the women in the next walk.—
disturb him?

reaming.] Oh! a frightful frog! [*Carlos turns.*
) Heavens! 'tis my husband!
) Your husband!—Is that Don Carlos?
is, indeed.

ly, really, now I see the man, I don't wonder
re in no hurry for your weeds. He is moving

cannot speak to him, and yet my soul flies to
[*Retires up.*

Coming forward, L.] Pray, lady, what occa-
t pretty scream? I shrewdly suspect it was a

rap! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!—A trap for you!
hy not, madam? Zounds! a man with three
burgundy in his head is worth laying a trap for.
s, unless he happens to be trapped before. 'Tis
years since you was caught, I take it. Do keep
! Odious! a married man!

he devil!—Is it posted under every saint in the
I am a married man?

; you carry the marks about you: that rueful
never belong to a bachelor.

y all the thorns of matrimony! if—

or man! how natural to swear by what one

Enter DON JULIO, L.

Oh, Julio! look not that way; there's a tongue will st thee!

Jul. Heaven be praised! I love female prattle. A man's tongue can never scare me. Which of these goldfinches makes the music? [*Crosses to Olivia,*

Car. [*Taking Victoria's hand, who comes forward* l. c.] Oh, this is as silent as a turtle—only coos now! then. Perhaps you don't hate a married man, sweet!

Vic. You guess right: I love a married man.

Car. Ha! say'st thou so? Wilt thou love me?

Vic. Will you let me?

Car. Let thee, my charmer! How I'll cherish! for't! What would I not give for thy heart!

Vic. I demand a price that, perhaps, you cannot give. I ask unbounded love; but you have a wife.

Car. And therefore the readier to love every other man;—'tis in your favour, child.

Vic. Will you love me ever?

Car. Ever!—Yes, ever; till we find each other company, and yawn, and talk of our neighbours for amusement.

Vic. Farewell!—I suspected you to be a bad chap and that you would not reach my terms. [*Going*]

Car. Nay, I'll come to your terms if I can. But in this way; I am fearful of that woodpecker at your elbow. Should she begin again, her noise would scare all the peevish loves that are playing about my heart. Don't turn head towards them;—if you like to listen to love they'll meet fond pairs enough in this walk.

[*Gently forcing her on*]

Jul. I really believe, though you deny it, that you are my destiny; that is, you fated me hither. [*Taking a scroll from his pocket.*] See—is not this your mandate?

Oli. Oh, delightful!—The scrawl of some chan

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r, perhaps, of your valet, to give you an air. What need? Marriatornes? Tomasa? Sancha?

Nay, now I am convinced the letter is yours, since use it; so you may as well confess.

Suppose I should, you can't be sure that I do not you.

True; but there is one point in which I have made not to be deceived; therefore, the preliminary is, you throw off your veil.

My veil!

Positively. If you reject this article, our negotiations.

You have no right to offer articles, unless you own them conquered.

I own myself willing to be conquered, and have, therefore, a right to make the best terms I can. Do you to the demand?

Certainly not.

You had better.

I protest I will not.

[*Aside.*] My life upon't, I make you! [*Aloud.*] madam, how absurd this is: 'tis reducing us to the men of Pyramus and Thisbe, talking through a wall. It is of no consequence, for I know your features as though I saw them.

How can that be?

I judge of what you hide by what I see. I could see your picture.

Charming!—Pray begin the portrait.

Imprimis, a broad high forehead, rounded at the top, like an old-fashioned gateway.

Oh, horrid!

Little gray eyes, a sharp nose, and hair the colour of prunella.

Odious!

Pale cheeks, thin lips, and——

[*Throwing off her veil.*] Hold—hold! thou villain! There! [*Carlos sinks on one knee.*] Yes, kneel in atonement for your malicious libel!

Say, rather, in adoration. [*Aside, rising.*] What a magnificent creature!

So, now for lies on the other side.

A forehead formed by the Graces; hair, which would steal for his bow-strings, were he not engaged in shooting through those sparkling hazel circles,

called it into words.

Oli. Suppose I should understand, from all this, that you have a mind to be in love with me ; wouldn't you finely caught ?

Jul. Charmingly caught, if you'll let me understand at the same time, that you have a mind to be in love with me.

Oli. In love with a man ! Heavens ! I never loved a thing but a squirrel.

Jul. Make me your squirrel ; I'll put on your chain and gambol and play for ever at your side.

Oli. But suppose you should have a mind to break the chain ?

Jul. Then loosen it ; for, if once that humour seize me, restraint won't cure it. Let me spring and bound in liberty ; and when I return to my lovely mistress, tired all but her, fasten me again to your girdle, and kiss while you chide.

Oli. Your servant !—To encourage you to leave again ?

Jul. No : to make returning to you the strongest attraction of my life. Why are you silent ?

Oli. I am debating whether to be pleased or displeas'd at what you have said.

Jul. Well ?

Oli. You shall know when I have determin'd. My friend and yours are approaching this way, and they must not be interrupted.

Jul. 'Twould be barbarous ; we will retire as far off you please.

Oli. But we retire separately, sir. That lady is a man of honour, and this moment of the highest importance to her. You may, however, conduct me to the gate, on condition that you leave me instantly.

Jul. [*Aside.*] Leave her instantly ! Oh, then I know my cue !

[*Exeunt, R. U.*]

Enter DON CARLOS, L., followed by VICTORIA, unveiled.

[Turning, and looking at her.] My wife!
Oh, heavens! I will veil myself again—I will hide
for ever from you, if you will still feast my ears
with soft vows, which a moment since you poured
on me so eagerly!

What! am I to be followed, haunted, watched?
Not to upbraid you: I followed you, because my
heart without you seemed a dreary desert. Indeed, I
never upbraid you!

Generous assurance!—Never upbraid me! [Cross-
ing.] No, by Heavens! I'll take care you never shall!

Would I could find words to please you!

You cannot; therefore, leave me!

Is it possible you can be so barbarous?

Do not expostulate: your first vowed duty is obe-
dience—that word so grating to your sex.

To me it was never grating; to obey you has been
—even now I will not dispute your will, though I
—the first time, obedience hateful. [Going, but re-

turning.] Oh, Carlos! my dear Carlos! I go, but my
heart remains with you! [Exit, R.]

Oh, horrible!—Had I not taken this harsh mea-
sure, must have killed myself; for how could I tell her
I have made her a beggar? Better she should hate,
I think, than that my tenderness should give her a pros-
trated felicity, which now she can never taste. Oh,
sated spirit! where art thou now? Madness!
I love me again; for reason presents me nothing but
!

Re-enter DON JULIO, R. U. E.

Carlos, who the devil can they be? My charming
girl was inflexible. I hope yours has been more
obedient.

[Desperately.] Folly! nonsense! [Exit, L.]
Folly! nonsense! What, a pretty woman's smile!
[Sings.] Ha, ha, ha! Upon my soul, it has more
reason, and, consequently, more reason, than a logical
man;—but these married fellows have neither taste

Humph! suppose my fair one should want to
put me into such an animal!—She can't have so much
power in her disposition; and yet, if she should—Pho!

... mind that I should marry your daughter?

Vas. It is sufficient, signor, that you have signified us your intention;—my daughter shall prove her gratitude in her attention to your felicity.

Ces. [*Aside.*] Egad! now it comes to the push [*Aloud.*] Hem! hem!—But just nineteen, you say?

Vas. Exactly, the eleventh of last month.

Ces. Pity it was not twenty!

Vas. Why, a year can make no difference, I should think.

Ces. Oh yes, it does; a year's a great deal; they are so skittish at nineteen.

Vas. Those who are skittish at nineteen, I fear, won't find much mended at twenty. Marcella is a grave, and a pretty little, plump, fair—

Ces. Aye, fair again! Pity she isn't brown or olive I like your olives.

Vas. Brown and olive!—You are very whimsical, old friend.

Ces. Why, these fair girls are so stared at by the men and the young fellows, now-a-days, have a damned impudent stare with them;—'tis very abashing to a woman—distressing.

Vas. Yes, so it is; but happily their distress is of a nature, that it generally goes off in a simper. But, as I'll send Marcella to you, and she will—

Ces. No, no! stay, my good friend. [*Gasping.*] I am in a violent hurry.

Vas. Why, truly, signor, at our time of life, when we determine to marry, we have no time to lose.

Ces. Why, that's very true; and so—[*Aside.*] Oh, Anthony! now it comes to the point!—But there can be no harm in looking at her; a look won't bind us for ever for worse. [*Aloud.*] Well, then, if you have a minute to spare, you may let me see her. [*Exit Vasquez, L.—Caesar puts on his spectacles.*] Aye, here she comes

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near her—trip, trip, trip! I don't like that step: a woman should always tread steadily, with dignity—it awes the men.

Re-enter DON VASQUEZ, L., leading MARCELLA.

Vas. There, Marcella, behold your future husband; and remember, that your kindness to him will be the standard of your duty to me. [*Exit, L.*

Mar. [*Aside.*] Oh, heavens!

Ces. [*Aside.*] Somehow, I am afraid to look round.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Surely, he does not know that I am here. [*Coughs gently.*

Ces. [*Aside.*] So! she knows how to give an item, I find!

Mar. Pray, signor, have you any commands for me?

Ces. [*Aside.*] Hum! not non plused at all! [*Turning half round.*] Oh, that eye! I don't like that eye!

Mar. My father commanded me—

Ces. Yes, I know—I know. [*Aside.*] Why, now I look again, there is a sort of a modest—Oh! that smile—that smile will never do!

Mar. I understand, signor, that you have demanded my hand in marriage.

Ces. [*Aside.*] Upon my word, plump to the point!—

[*Aloud.*] Yes, I did a sort of—I can't say but that I did.

Mar. I am not insensible of the honour you do me, sir, but—but—

Ces. But!—What, don't you like the thoughts of the match?

Mar. Oh, yes, sir, yes—exceedingly. [*Aside.*] I dare not say no.

Ces. Oh, you do—exceedingly! [*With ill humour.*] What, I suppose, child, your head is full of jewels, and finery, and equipage?

Mar. No, indeed, sir.

Ces. No!—What then?—What sort of a life do you expect to lead when you are my wife? What pleasures do you look forward to?

Mar. None.

Ces. Hey!

Mar. I shall obey my father, sir; I shall marry you, [*Weeping.*] but I shall be most wretched!

Ces. Indeed!

Mar. There is not a fate I would not prefer; but pardon me!

Mar. Dear sir, you charm me!

Cæs. But, hark ye: you'll certainly incur your father's anger, if I don't take the refusal entirely on myself; which I will do, if you'll only assist me in a little business I have in hand.

Mar. Anything to show my gratitude.

Cæs. You must know, I can't get my daughter to marry; there's nothing on earth will drive her to it, but the dread of a mother-in-law. Now, if you will let it appear to her that you and I are driving to the goal of matrimony, I believe it will do. What say you? Shall we be lovers in play?

Mar. If you are sure it will be only in play.

Cæs. Oh, my life upon't! But we must be very fond, you know.

Mar. To be sure — exceedingly tender. [*Laughing*]
Ha, ha, ha!

Cæs. You must smile upon me now and then roguishly and slide your hand into mine, when you are sure she is not looking; and let me pat your cheek, and —

Mar. Oh! no farther, pray; that will be quite sufficient.

Cæs. Gad! I begin to take a fancy to your rogue's face; now I'm in no danger! Mayn't we — mayn't we say so sometimes? It will seem infinitely more natural.

Mar. Never; such an attempt would make me fly at once.

Cæs. Well, you must be lady-governess in this business. [*Crossing to L.*] I'll go home now, and fret madam about her young mother-in-law. Bye, sweeting!

Mar. Bye, charmer!

Cæs. Oh! bless its pretty eyes! [*Exit*]

Mar. Bless its pretty spectacles! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha! Enter into a league with a cross old father against his daughter! Why, how could he suspect me capable of

such treachery? I could not answer it to my conscience.
 No, no: I'll acquaint Donna Olivia with the plot; and,
 in duty bound, we'll turn our arms against Don Cæsar.

[Exit, R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An Apartment at Donna Laura's—toilette
 table and four chairs.

Enter LAURA and PEDRO, R.

Lau. Well, Pedro, hast thou seen Don Florio?

Ped. Yes, donna.

Lau. How did he look when he read my letter?

Ped. Mortal well; I never see'd him look better;—he'd
 put on a new cloak, and a—

Lau. Pho, blockhead! Did he look pleased?—Did he
 kiss my name?—Did he press the billet to his bosom with
 all the warmth of love?

Ped. No, he didn't warm it that way, but he did ano-
 ther, for he put it into the fire.

Lau. How!

Ped. Yes; and when I spoke, he started; for I think
 he had forgot that I was here. So, says he, "Go home and
 tell Donna Laura I fly to her presence."

[She waves her hand for him to go, and he exits, R.

Lau. Is it possible?—No contemptuously destroy the
 letter, in which my whole heart overflowed with tender-
 ness—in which my upbraidings were mingled with the
 most passionate love? But why do I question it? Has
 he ever treated me but with the most mortifying coldness,
 even whilst he pretended to be sensible of my charms? I
 had myself on the brink of hatred; and, by all the agonies
 I have felt, should that passion be once roused—

Victoria. [Without, R.] Oh, very well; up stairs,
 you say.

Lau. Oh, how idly I talk! He is here; his very voice
 pierces my heart! I dare not meet his eye thus discom-
 posed. [Exit, R.

Enter SANCHA, L., conducting in VICTORIA, attired as a
 cavalier.

San. I will inform my mistress that you are here, Don
 Florio; I thought she had been in this apartment.

[Exit, R.

impudence of an accomplished cavalier.

[*She goes to the toilette table, and adjusts her the glass.*]

Re-enter LAURA, R.—Victoria sings an air, dances steps, and then runs to Laura, and seizes her ha

Vic. My lovely Laura!

Lau. That look speaks Laura loved as well as lov

Vic. To be sure. Petrarch immortalized his La his verses, and mine shall be immortal in my passio

Lau. I cannot conceive how you feed this im passion.

Vic. Oh, by thinking of you, and reading your and—

Lau. My letters!—How often do you read them

Vic. A dozen times an hour; drink each dear lir my eyes, whilst my lips drink chocolate; place then night under my pillow; and—

Lau. In the morning, fling them into the fire.

Vic. Madam!

Lau. Oh, Florio! how deceitful! I know no enchantment binds me to thee.

Vic. [*Playing carelessly with the feather in her Me, my dear!—Is all this to me?*]

Lau. Yes, ingrate, thee!

Vic. Positively, Laura, you have these extravag so often, I wonder my passion can stand them. by such destructive arts as these you cured Don Ca his love.

Lau. Cured Don Carlos! Oh, Florio! wert th as he is!

Vic. [*Eagerly.*] Why, you don't pretend he lov still?

Lau. Yes, most ardently and truly.

Vic. Hah!

Lau. If thou wouldst persuade me that thy pass

all, borrow his words—his looks; be a hypocrite one day
 moment, and speak to me in all the frenzy of that love,
 which warms the heart of Carlos.

Vic. [*Starting.*] The heart of Carlos!

Lea. [*Aside.*] Ha! that seemed a jealous pang; it
 was my hopes new life! [*Aloud.*] Yes, Florio, he indeed
 knows what it is to love. For me he forsook a beautiful
 girl; nay, and with me he would forsake his country.

Vic. Villain! villain!

Lea. Nay, let not the thought distress you thus. Carlos
 despise; he is the weakest of mankind.

Vic. 'Tis false, madam! you cannot despise him. Carlos
 is the weakest of mankind! Heavens! what woman could
 despise him? Persuasion sits on his tongue, and love—al-
 though empty love, triumphant in his eyes!

Lea. This is strange: you speak of your rival with the
 admiration of a mistress.

Vic. Laura, it is the fate of jealousy, as well as love, to
 see the charms of its object increased and heightened. I
 am jealous—jealous to distraction, of Don Carlos, and
 cannot taste peace, unless you'll swear never to see him
 again! [*Aside, crossing to R.*] How nearly had I been be-
 trayed!

Lea. I swear—joyfully swear, never to behold or speak
 of him again! When, dear youth, shall we retire to Por-
 tugal? We are not safe here.

Vic. [*Observing her with apprehension.*] You know I
 am not rich;—you must first sell the lands my rival gave
 me.

Lea. 'Tis done; I have found a purchaser, and to-mor-
 row the transfer will be finished.

Vic. [*Aside.*] Ah! I have now, then, nothing to trust
 in but the ingenuity of Gasper. [*Aloud.*] There is reason
 to fear Don Carlos had no right in that estate, with which
 you supposed yourself endowed.

Lea. No right!—What can have given you those sus-
 picions?

Vic. A conversation with Juan, his steward; who as-
 sured me, that his master never had an estate in Leon.

Lea. Never!—What, not by marriage?

Vic. Juan says so.

Lea. My blood runs cold! Can I have taken pains to
 deceive myself? Could I think so, I should be mad.

Vic. These doubts may soon be annihilated, or con-
 verted to certainty. I have seen Don Sancho, the uncle

Vic. Write him a billet, and I will send it to lodgings.

Lau. Instantly. [*Crossing to R.*] Dear Florio, a prospect opens to me: Don Sancho is rich and generous, and, by playing on his passions, without yielding to them, his fortune may be a constant fund to us. I'll dip my pen in flattery. [*Exit.*]

Vic. Base woman! how can I pity thee, or regret the steps which my duty obliges me to take? For myself, I would not swerve from the nicest line of rectitude, I wear the shadow of deceit, but for my children. Is this a parental heart that will not pardon me? [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Don Cæsar's.*

Enter OLIVIA and MINETTE, L.

Oli. Well, here we are in private: what is this charming intelligence of which thou art so full this morning?

Min. Why, ma'am, as I was in the balcony that overlooks Don Vasquez's garden, Donna Marcella told me that Don Cæsar had last night been to pay her a visit previous to their marriage, and——

Oli. Their marriage! How can you give me the intelligence with such a look of joy? Their marriage! What will become of me?

Min. Dear ma'am, if you'll but have patience! I says, that Don Cæsar and she are perfectly agreed——

Oli. Still with that smirking face! I can't have patience!

Min. [*Producing a letter.*] Then, madam, if you will let me tell the story, please to read it. Here's a letter from Donna Marcella.

Oli. Why did you not give it me at first?

[*Opens the letter, and rec.*]

Min. Because I didn't like to be cut out of my story

tors were obliged to come to the point at once, mercy ! what tropes and figures we should lose !

[*Joyfully.*] Oh, Minette ! I give you leave to smirk. Listen. [*Reading.*] "*I am more terrified at the notion of a step-mother ; and Don Cæsar would be as either of us. He only means to frighten you into money, and I have, on certain conditions, agreed to him ; but whatever you may hear, or see, be assured nothing is so impossible as that he should become the end of—*" DONNA MARCELLA." Oh, delightful girl ! love her for this !

Yes, ma'am ; and if you'd had patience, I should told you that she's now here with Don Cæsar, in debate how to begin the attack, which must force take shelter in the arms of a husband.

Ah ! no matter how they begin it. Let them themselves in raising batteries ; my reserved fire tumble them about their ears, in the moment my father is singing his Io's for victory ! [*Looking off,* But here come the lovers. Well, I protest now, and sixty is a very comely sight ! 'Tis contrast affect to every thing. Lud ! how my father ogles ! no idea he was such a sort of man. I am really he isn't quite so good as he should be !

DON CÆSAR, *leading* MARCELLA, *re.*—*Minette retires up, l.*

[*Apart to Marcella.*] Hum !—Madam looks very we shall discompose her, or I'm much mistaken. So, Olivia, here's Donna Marcella come to you ; though, as matters are, that respect was due you.

(*l. c.*) I am sensible of the condescension.—*Marcella's hand.*] My dear ma'am, how very good !

[*Aside, re.*] Yes, you'll think yourself wonder-obliged, when you know all ! [*Aloud.*] Pray, Donna what do you think of these apartments ? The and decorations are my daughter's taste : would them to remain, or will you give orders to have changed ?

(*c.*) Changed, undoubtedly : I can have nobody's govern my apartments but my own.

[*Apart to her.*] Ah ! that touches !—See how she

hide it! you are frightened out of your wits at
of a mother-in-law, especially a young, ga-
one!

Oli. Pardon me, sir; the thought of a ^{step} in
was indeed disagreeable, but her being you
qualifies it. [*Crossing to Marcella.*] I hope, n
give us balls, and the most spirited parties; yo
how stupid we have been. My dear father
things, but I hope now——

Cæs. (l.) Hey, hey, hey!—What's the m
this? Why, hussy! don't you know you'll h
ment but the garret?

Oli. (c.) That will benefit my complex
mending my health. 'Tis charming to sleep i
situation.

Cæs. Here—here's an obstinate, perverse s

Oli. Bless me, sir! are you angry that I l
to your marriage without murmuring?

Cæs. Yes, I am! yes, I am!—You ought
and you ought to—to—to——

Oli. Dear me! I find love taken up late
bad effect on the temper. I wish, my dear p
felt the influence of Donna Marcella's char
sooner.

Cæs. You do! you do! Why, this must l
this can't be real.

Oli. Indeed, indeed it is; and I protest
ment with this lady has given me more ple
have tasted ever since you began to tease me
band. You seemed determined to have a m
family; and I hope now I shall live in quiet
sweet, young mother-in-law.

Cæs. [*Walking about in great agitation.*]
Was there ever——She doesn't care for a m
Can't frighten her!

Oli. Sure, my fate is very peculiar, that, I

choice, and submitting with humble duty to your
 will be the cause of offence!

Why say! I don't want you to be pleased with my
 refusal; I don't want you to submit with humble duty to
 me. Where I do want you to submit, you rebel!—
 —you are——But I'll mortify that wayward

[*Exit, with Marcella, &c.*
Coming forward.] Well, really, my master is in
 passion; he seems more angry at your liking
 me, than at your refusing to be married yourself.
 It might have been better, madam, to have affected

some other what purpose, but to lay myself open to fresh
 attacks, in order to get rid of the evil I pretended to
 be less us! nothing can be more easy than for my
 master to be gratified, if he were but lucky in the choice

as much as to say, madam, that there is——
 nothing, yes, "as much as to say." I see you are
 to have my secret, Minette; and so——

Enter a SERVANT, L.

There is a gentleman at the door, madam, called
 Don Melessina. He waits on you from Don Vin-

cento? — Don Julio! — It cannot be! Art thou
 his name?

The servant repeated it twice. He is in a fine
 dress and seems to be a nobleman.

Conduct him hither. [*Exit Servant, L.*] [*Aside.*]
 I wish—I cannot see him! I would not have
 the incognita to be Olivia for worlds. There is
 no joy. [*Aloud.*] Minette, ask no questions, but do

as you. Receive Don Julio in my name; call
 her the heiress of Don Caesar, and on no account suf-
 fer her to believe that you are anything else. [*Exit, &c.*

Minette, then, this is some new lover whom she is de-
 voured with disgust, and fancies that making me pass for
 her complete it! Perhaps her ladyship may be mis-
 taken! [*Looking off, L.*] Upon my word, a sweet
 fellow! my heart beats with the very idea of his
 coming to me, even though he takes me for another!
 I think he sha'n't find me here;—standing in the
 room gives one's appearance no effect. I'll
 go to him with an easy swim, or an engaging trip, or

Re-enter MINETTE, very affectedly, R. S. E.

Min. Sir, your most obedient, humble servant. You are Don Julió de Melessina. I am extremely glad to see you, sir. [*They*]

Jul. [*Aside.*] A very courteous reception! [*Aloud.*] You honour me infinitely, madam. I must apologize waiting on you without a better introduction; Don Vincentio promised to attend me, but a concert called him another part of the town, at the moment I prepared to come hither.

Min. A concert! Yes, sir, he is very fond of music.

Jul. He is, madam. You, I suppose, have a passion for that charming science?

Min. Oh, yes, I love it mightily.

Jul. [*Aside.*] This is lucky! [*Aloud.*] I think I have heard, Donna Olivia, that your taste that way is peculiar; you are fond of a—[*Smothers a law*]
[*Aloud.*] Faith, I can hardly speak of a—Jew's harp!

Min. A Jew's harp!—Mercy!—What! do you think a person of my birth and figure can have such fancies for that? No, sir; I love fiddles, French horns, tabors, and all the cheerful, noisy instruments in the world.

Jul. [*Aside.*] Vincentio must have been mad, and as mad as him to mention it! [*Aloud.*] Then you are fond of concerts, madam?

Min. Doat on 'em! [*Aside.*] I wish he'd offer me a ticket!

Jul. [*Aside.*] Vincentio is clearly wrong. Now to see how far the other was right, in supposing her a vixen.

Min. There is a grand public concert, sir, to be to-morrow: pray, do you go?

Jul. I believe I shall have that pleasure, madam.

Min. My father, Don Cæsar, won't let me purchase a ticket;—I think it's very hard.

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Pardon me, I think it's perfectly right.

Right!—What, to refuse me a trifling expense, and procure me a great pleasure?

Yes, doubtless; the ladies are too fond of pleasure. Don Cæsar is exemplary.

Lord, sir! you'd think it very hard, if you were be locked up all your life, and know nothing of the but what you could catch through the bars of your

Perhaps I might; but, as a man, I am convinced it. Daughters and wives should be equally excluded destructive haunts of dissipation: let them keep to nbroidery, nor ever presume to show their faces but r own firesides. [*Aside.*] This will bring out the pe, surely!

Well, sir, I don't know——To be sure, home, as r, is the fittest place for women. For my part, I ive for ever at home. [*Aside.*] I am determined he ave his way: who knows what may happen?

[*Aside.*] By all the powers of caprice, Garcia is as as the other!

I delight in nothing so much as in sitting by my and hearing his tales of old times; and, I fancy, have a husband, I shall be more happy to sit and o his stories of present times.

Perhaps your husband, fair lady, might not be in- so to amuse you. Men have a thousand delights ll them abroad; and, probably, your chief amuse- would be counting the hours of his absence, and a tear to each as it passed.

Well, he should never see 'em, however. I would smile when he entered; and if he found my eyes 'd say I had been weeping over the history of the unate damsel, whose true love hung himself at sea, peared to her afterwards in a wet jacket. [*Aside.*] his will do!

[*Aside.*] I am every moment more astonished!— z.] Pray, madam, permit me a question: are you —yet I cannot doubt it—are you really Donna , the daughter of Don Cæsar, to whom Don Garcia on Vincentio had lately the honour of paying their sea?

Am I Donna Olivia! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! a question! Pray, sir, is this my father house?— u Don Julio?

[*Aside.*] 'Tis a little odd, though!

Min. Why, I believe I should take pity; for it all seemed to me to be very hard-hearted to be cruel lover that one likes because, in that case, one should not—You know, sir, the sooner the affair is over, the better for both parties.

Jul. [*Aside.*] What the deuce does she mean? Is Garcia's sour fruit?

Don Cesar. [*Calling without, r.*] Olivia! Olivia!

Min. [*Starting up.*] Bless me, I hear my father! Now, sir, I have a particular fancy that you should tell him, in this first visit, your design.

Jul. [*Amazed.*] Madam, my design!

Min. Yes; that you will not speak out till we have a little further conversation, which I'll take care to you an opportunity for very soon. He'll be here moment. Now, pray, Don Julio, go! If he should you, and ask who you are, you can say that you are may say that you came on a visit to my maid, you know.

[*Exit*

Jul. [*Looking after her.*] I thank you, madam—[*Turning round.*]—for my dismissal! I never was in peril in my life! I believe she has a license in her pocket a priest in her closet, and the ceremony by heart!

[*Exit*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment at Don Carlos's—chairs, table, with pens, ink, papers, &c.*

DON CARLOS *discovered writing.*

Car. [*Tearing the paper, and rising.*] It is in vain

SCENE II.] A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND. 51

Language cannot furnish me with terms fit to soften to Victoria the horrid transaction. Could she see the compunctions of my soul, her gentle heart would pity me. But what then? She's ruined; my children are undone! Oh! the artifices of one base wretch, and my villany to another most amiable one, has made me unfit to live! I am a wretch who ought to be blasted from society!

Enter PEDRO, hastily, L.

Ped. Sir! sir!

Car. Well!

Ped. Sir, I have just met Don Florio; he asked me if my mistress was at home; so I guesses he is going to our house, and so I run to let you know; for I loves to keep my promises, though I am dead-afraid of some mischief.

Car. You have done well. Go home, and wait for me at the door, and admit me without noise. [*Exit Pedro, L.*] At least, then, I shall have the pleasure of revenge! I'll punish that harlot, by sacrificing her paramour in her arms, and then—Oh! [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Donna Laura's.*

Enter LAURA, hastily, R., followed by VICTORIA.

Lau. 'Tis his carriage! How successful was my letter! This, my Florio, is a most important moment.

Vic. It is, indeed; and I will leave you to make every advantage of it. If I am present, I must witness condescensions from you that I shall not be able to bear, though I know them to be but affected. [*Aside, going.*] Now, Gasper, play thy part well, and save Victoria! [*Exit, R.*]

Lau. This tender jealousy is dear to me. [*Looking off after Victoria.*] Keep in the saloon! [*Turning to L.*] Here comes the dotard.

Enter GASPER, L., attired as an old beau, followed by two Servants, who take off his rich cloak.

Gas. Take my cloak; and—d'ye hear, Ricardo?—go home, and bring the eider-down cushions for the coach, and tell the fellow not to hurry me post through the streets of Madrid. [*Exeunt Servants, L.*] I have been jolted from side to side, like a pippin in a mill stream. Drive a man of my rank as he would a city vintner and his fat wife, going to a bull-fight! [*Seeing Laura.*] Hah! there she is! [*Elevating his eye-glass.*] There she is! [*Crossing to her.*]

Charming Donna Laura! let me thus at the shrine beauty—[*Making an effort to kneel, and falling face—Laura assists him to rise.*] Fie! fie!—The shoes—they have made me skate all day, like a Du on a canal, and now—Well, you see how profot adoration is, madam: common lovers kneel—prostrate.

Lau. You do me infinite honour. [*Aside.*] Dis wretch!

Gas. But how could you be so barbarous to leave Valencia, without granting me one interview near your balcony?

Lau. I will be ingenuous: it was female art! knew you would follow me; and how could I triumph of showing that I led in my chains the ill! Don Sancho?

Gas. Oh, you dear, charming—But, stay—[*Se his pockets.*] Bless me! what a careless fellow I am a casket with some diamonds in it; a necklace, and trifles, which I meant to have had the honour of on your toilette. Left it at home! Oh, my giddy!

Lau. You are always elegant, Don Sancho. I'my servant. [*Calling.*] Pedro!

Gas. No, no—to-morrow. It will be an excuse to come to-morrow. I shall often want excuses.

Lau. My wishes shall always be your excuse; morrow be it then. You are thinner than you Don Sancho. I protest, now I observe you, you ar altered!

Gas. Aye, madam—fretting! Your absence th into a fever, and that destroyed my bloom. You look almost a middle-aged man, now.

Lau. No, really; far from it, I assure you. [The top is as wrinkled as a baboon!

Gas. Then jealousy—that gave me a jaundice niece's husband, I hear, Don Carlos, has been my rival. Oh, my blade will hardly keep in its sc when I think of him!

Lau. Think no more of him; he has been long b my thoughts, be assured. I wonder you gave you him, with such a fortune.

Gas. Gave!—She gave herself; and, as to fortu not a pistole from me.

Lau. 'Twas, indeed, unnecessary, with so fine as she had in Leon.

SCENE II.] A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND. 53

Gas. My niece an estate in Leon!—Not enough to give shelter to a field mouse; and if he has told you so, he is a braggart.

Lau. Told me so! I have the writings; he has made over the lands to me.

Gas. Made over the lands to you!—Oh, a deceiver! I begin to suspect a plot. Pray let me see this extraordinary deed. [*She runs to a cabinet, R. U. E.*] A plot, I'll be sworn!

Lau. Here is the deed which makes that estate mine for ever. No, sir, I will entrust it in no hand but my own; yet look over me, and read the description of the lands.

Gas. H—m—m!—[*Reading through his glass.*] “*In the vicinage of Rosalva, bounded on the west by the river*” —h—c—m!—“*on the east by the forest—*” Oh, an artful dog! I need read no further; I see how the thing is.

Lau. How, sir!—But hold—stay a moment; I am breathless with fear!

Gas. Nay, madam, don't be afraid! 'Tis my estate, that's all; the very castle where I was born, and which I never did, nor ever will, bestow on any Don in the two Castiles. Dissembling rogue! Bribe you with a fictitious title to my estate! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Lau. [*Aside.*] Curses follow him! The villain I employed must have been his creature—his reluctance all art; and, whilst I believed myself undoing him, was duped myself!

Gas. Could you suppose I'd give Carlos such an estate for running away with my niece? No, no; the vineyards, and the corn-fields, and the woods of Rosalva, are not for him: I've somebody else in my eye—in my eye, observe me, to give those to. Can't you guess who it is?

Lau. No, indeed! [*Aside.*] He gives me a glimmering that saves me from despair.

Gas. I won't tell you, unless you bribe me; I won't, indeed. [*He kisses her cheek.*] There, now I'll tell you—they are all for you. Yes, this estate, to which you have such a fancy, shall be yours; I'll give you the deeds, if you'll promise to love me, you little cruel thing!

Lau. Can you be serious?

Gas. I'll sign and seal to-morrow.

[*Goes up to the table, L.*

Lau. Noble Don Sancho! Thus, then, I annihilate the proof of his perfidy and my weakness! [*Tearing the paper.*]

thou dar'st not meet my eyes. If I misjudge thee, s

Vic. Laura, I cannot speak! You little guess emotions of my heart. Heaven knows, I pity you!

Lau. Pity! Oh, villain! and has thy love as snatched the form of pity? Base, deceitful——

Don Carlos. [*Without, L.*] Stand off! loose your hold! I'm come for vengeance!

Enter DON CARLOS, L.

Where is this youth? where is the blooming riv whom I have been betrayed? [*To Laura.*] Hold m base woman! In vain the stripling flies me; for, by he my sword shall in his bosom write its master's wron

[*Victoria goes up, R. C. F., returns, takes off he and drops on one knee before Carlos, c.*

Vic. Strike—strike it here! plunge it deep into bosom already wounded by a thousand stabs, keene more painful than your sword can give! Here liv the gnawing anguish of love betrayed; here live the of disappointed hopes—hopes sanctioned by holiest which have been written in the book of heaven! H sinks! [*She rises, and supports him.*] Oh, my Carlo: beloved! my husband! forgive my too severe reproa Thou art dear, yet dear as ever, to Victoria's heart!

Car. (*L.*) [*Recovering.*] Ah! you know not what yo you know not what you are! Oh, Victoria! thou beggar!

Vic. No, we are rich, we are happy! See, ther fragments of that fatal deed, which, had I not reco we had been, indeed, undone; yet still not wretched my Carlos think so!

Car. The fragments of the deed! the deed whic base woman——

Vic. Speak not so harshly. [*Crossing to Laura.*] T madam, I fear, I seem reprehensible; yet, when yo

ler my duties as wife and mother, you will forgive me. : not afraid of poverty : a woman has deceived, but she ll not desert you !

Lau. (L.) Is this real?—Can I be awake ?

Vic. Oh, may'st thou, indeed, awake to virtue! You ve talents that might grace the highest of our sex ; be longer unjust to such precious gifts, by burying them dishonour. Virtue is our first, most awful duty ; bow, ura, bow before her throne, and mourn in ceaseless tears at ever you forgot her heavenly precepts !

Lau. So, by a smooth speech about virtue, you think to ver the injuries I sustain. Vile, insinuating monster! *[Crossing to R.]* But thou know'st me not. Revenge is etter to my heart than love ; and if there is a law in ain to gratify that passion, your virtue shall have an- her field for exercise ! *[Exit, R.]*

Gas. *[Coming forward, R.]* No, no ; you'll find no help the law, charmer ! However, the long robes are rich— t amongst them ; their gravities may administer to your arice, though not to your revenge.

Car. *[Turning to Victoria.]* My hated rival, and my arming wife ! How many sweet mysteries have you to fold ! Oh, Victoria ! my soul thanks thee, but I dare t say I love thee, till ten thousand acts of watchful ten- rness have proved how deep the sentiment's engraved.

Vic. Can it be true that I have been unhappy ? But e mysteries, my Carlos, are already explained to you. asper's resemblance to my uncle——

Gas. Yes, sir, I was always apt at resemblances. In ur plays at home, I am always Queen Cleopatra ; you ow she was but a gipsy queen, and I hits her off to a cety.

Car. Come, my Victoria. Oh ! there is a painful plea- re in my bosom : to gaze on thee, to listen to and love ee, seems like the bliss of angels cheering whispers to pentant sinners ! *[Exeunt Carlos and Victoria, L.]*

Gas. Lord help 'em ! how easily the women are taken ! Here's a wild rogue has plagued her heart these two ars, and a whip syllabub about angels and whispers clears ores ! 'Tis pity but they were a little—though now I ink on't, the number of these gentle fair ones is so very all, that if it was lessened, the two sexes might be con- unded together, and the whole world be supposed of the sculine gender. *[Exit, L.]*

then come in again, and, with a vast deal of compass
confess I sent my maid for him. If he should dislike
forwardness, the censure will fall on my lady; if he sho
be pleased with my person, the advantage will be mi
But perhaps he's come here on some wicked frolic
other. I'll watch him at a distance before I speak.

[*Exit, R. S.*]

Enter DON JULIO, L.

Jul. Not here, faith! though she gave me last ni
but a faint refusal, and I had a right, by all the rules
gallantry, to construe that into an assent. Then she'
jilt—hang her! I feel I am uneasy—the first woman t
ever gave me pain. I am ashamed to perceive that t
spot has attractions for me, only because it was here I c
versed with her. 'Twas here the little syren, conscious
her charms, unveiled her fascinating face. 'Twas here—

Enter DON GARCIA and DON VINCENTIO, L.

Gar. 'Twas here that Julio, leaving champagne
tasted, and songs of gallantry unsung, came to talk to
whistling branches!

Vin. 'Twas here that Julio, flying from the young
gay, was found in doleful meditation—[*Altering his ton*
—on a wench, for a hundred ducats!

Gar. Who is she?

Jul. Not Donna Olivia, gentlemen; not Donna Oliv

Gar. We have been seeking you, to ask the even
your visit to her.

Jul. The event has proved, that you have been n
grossly duped.

Vin. I knew that. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Jul. [*To Garcia.*] And you likewise—I know t
[*Laughing*] Ha, ha, ha! The fair lady, so far from b
a vixen, is the very essence of gentleness. To me, so m
sweetness in a wife would be downright maudish.

ENE IV.] A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND. 57

Vin. Well, but she's fond of a Jew's-harp?

Jul. Detests it; she would be as fond of a Jew.

Gar. Pooh! pooh! this is a game at cross purposes. Let us all go to Don Cæsar's together, and compare opinions on the spot.

Jul. I'll go most willingly; but it will be only to cover us both with confusion, for being the two men in Spain most easily imposed upon. [All going, R.]

Re-enter MINETTE, R. U. E., and comes forward, L.

Min. Gentlemen, my lady has sent me for one of you; say which of you is it?

Jul. [Returning.] Me, without doubt, child.

Vin. I don't know that.

Gar. Look at me, my dear; don't you think I am the man?

Min. Let me see. [To Garcia.] A good air, and well made; you are the man for a dancer. [To Vincentio.] Well dressed, and nicely put out of hands; you are the man for a handbox. [To Julio.] Handsome and bold; you are the man for my lady!

Jul. My dear little Iris, here's all the gold in my pocket. Gentlemen, I wish you a good night; I am your very obedient, humble—

[Stalking by them with his arm round Minette.]

Gar. Pooh! prithee, don't be a fool! Are we not going to Donna Olivia?

Jul. Donna Olivia must wait, my dear boy; we can decide about her to-morrow. Come along, my little dove of mine! [Exeunt Julio and Minette, L.]

Gar. What a rash fellow it is! Ten to one but this is some common business, and he'll be robbed and murdered. They take him for a stranger.

Vin. Let's follow, and see where she leads him.

Gar. That's hardly fair; however, as I think there's danger, we will follow. [Exeunt, L.]

CENE IV.—*An Apartment at Don Cæsar's—folding-doors, c. r.—sofa, table, and chairs.*

Enter MINETTE and JULIO, L.

Min. There, sir, please to sit down, till my lady is ready to wait on you—she won't be long. [Aside.] I'm sure he's out, and I may do great things before she returns.

[Exit, C. D. E.]

Jul. Through fifty back lanes, a long garden, and a narrow stair-case, into a superb apartment—all that's in the regular way; as the Spanish women manage it, one in trigue is too much like another. If it was not now as then for the little lively fillip of a jealous husband or brother, which obliges one to leap from a window, or crawl like a cat, along the gutters, there would be no bearing the ennui. Ah! ah! but this promises novelty. [*Looking off, R.*] A young girl and an old man!—Wife or daughter? They are coming this way. My lovely incognita by all that's propitious! Why did not some kind spirit whisper to me my happiness? But hold—she can't mean to treat the old gentleman with a sight of me.

[*Goes behind the sofa*]

Enter DON CÆSAR and OLIVIA, R.

Cæs. No, no, madam! no going out! Give me your veil that will be useless till you put it on for life. Then madam, this is your apartment, your house, your garden your assembly, till you go to your convent. Why, he impudent you are, to look thus unconcerned! Can hard forbear laughing in my face! Very well—very well!

[*Exit, double locking the door,*

Oli. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! I'll be even with you my dear father, if you treble lock it! I'll stay here ten days, without once asking for my liberty, and you'll come the third, with tears in your eyes, to take me out. Heh! forgot that door leading to the garden; but I vow I'll stay. [*Sitting down.*] I can make the time pass pleasant enough.

Jul. [*Looking over the back of the sofa.*] I hope so.

Oli. Heaven and earth!

Jul. My dear creature, why are you so alarmed? [*Comes round.*] Am I here before you expected me?

Oli. Expected you!

Jul. Oh, this pretty surprise! Come, let us sit down I think your father was very obliging to lock us in together.

Oli. [*Calling at the door, R.*] Sir, sir! my father!

Cæsar. [*Without.*] Aye, 'tis all in vain—I won't come near you. There you are, and there you may stay. sha'n't return, make as much noise as you will!

Jul. Why, are you not ashamed that your father has much more consideration for your guest than you have?

- i. My guest! [*Aside.*] How is it possible he can have vered me?
- l. Pooh! this is carrying the thing further than you
If there was a third person here, it might be pru-
- i. Why, this assurance, Don Julio, is really—
- l. The thing in the world you are most ready to
m.
- i. Upon my word, I don't know how to treat you.
- l. Consult your heart.
- i. I shall consult my honour.
- l. Honour is a pretty thing to play with, but when
en with that very grave face, after having sent your
to bring me here, is really more than I expected.
ll be in an ill humour presently; I won't stay if you
me thus.
- i. Well, this is superior to everything! I have heard
men will slander women privately to each other—'tis
common amusement; but to do it to one's face!—
you really pretend that I sent for you?
- l. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! Well, if it obliges you,
I pretend that you did not send for me; that your
did not conduct me hither; nay, that I have not
the supreme happiness— [*Catches her in his arms.*
enter MINETTE, C. D. F.—*she screams, and runs out.*
- l. [*Turning round.*] Donna Olivia de Zuniga!—How
levil came she here?
- i. [*Aside.*] That's lucky! [*Running to the door,*
and conducting Minette forward.] Olivia, my dear
d, why do you run away? [*Apart to her.*] Keep the
acter, I charge you—be still Olivia!
- in. (R.) Oh, dear madam! I was—I was so frightened
I saw that gentleman!
- i. (C.) Oh, my dear, it's the merriest, pretty kind of
leman in the world! He pretends that I sent my
for him into the streets—ha! ha!
- l. (L.) That's right: always tell a thing yourself,
h you would not have believed.
- in. It is the readiest excuse for being found in a lady's
ment, however. [*Aside.*] Now will I swear I know
ing of the matter!
- i. Now, I think it a horrid poor excuse; he has cer-
y not had occasion to invent reasons for such imper-
cies often. [*Apart to Minette.*] Tell me that he has
love to you to-day.

... Nay, then, this accidental meeting is fortunate. Pray, Don Julio, don't let my presence prevent your saying what you think proper to my friend. Shall I leave you together?

Jul. [*Apart to Olivia.*] To contradict a lady on such an assertion would be too gross; but, upon my honour, Donna Olivia is the last woman upon earth who could inspire me with a tender idea. Find an excuse to send away, my angel, I entreat you! I have a thousand things to say, and the moments are too precious to be given to me.

Oli. I think so, too; but one can't be rude, you know. [*To Minette.*] Come, my dear, sit down. [*Seating herself.*] Have you brought your work?

Jul. [*Aside.*] The devil!—What can she mean? [*Placing himself between Minette and the sofa.*] Donna Olivia, I am sorry to inform you that my physician has just been sent for to your father, Don Cæsar; the poor gentleman was seized with a vertigo.

Oli. Vertigoes! [*To Minette.*] Oh, he has 'em frequently, you know.

Min. Yes, and they always keep me from his sight.

Jul. [*Aside.*] Did ever one woman prevent another from leaving her at such a moment before? [*To Olivia.*] I really, madam, cannot comprehend—

Don Cæsar. [*Without, R.*] It is impossible—impossible, gentlemen! Don Julio cannot be here.

Jul. Ha! who's that?

Re-enter DON CÆSAR, R., followed by DON GARCIA DON VINCENTIO.

Gar. There! did we not tell you so? We saw him enter the garden.

Cæs. What can be the meaning of all this? A madman's daughter's apartment! [*Attempts to draw her.*]

Gar. Hold, sir!—Don Julio is of the first rank in Spain and will unquestionably be able to satisfy your honour.

out troubling your sword. [*Apart to Vincentio.*] We have done mischief, Vincentio!

Cl. [*Apart to Olivia.*] They have been cursedly imminent!—But I'll bring you off, never fear, by pretending a passion for your busy friend there.

ss. Satisfy me, then, in a moment; speak, one of you.
Cl. I came here, sir, by the merest accident. The door was open; curiosity led me to this apartment; came in a moment after, and very civilly locked me in your daughter.

ss. Locked you in!—Why, then, did you not, like a man of honour, cry out?

Cl. The lady cried out, sir, and you told her you would return; but when Donna Olivia de Zuniga entered, whom I have conceived a most violent passion—

ss. A passion for her!—Oh, let me hear no more of a passion for her! You may as well entertain a passion for the untameable hyæna!

sr. There, Vincentio, what think you now?—Xanthippe or not?

in. I am afraid I must give up that. But pray suppose as to this point, Don Cæsar: is not the lady fond of Jew's harp?

ss. Fond!—She's fond of nothing but playing the Jew's harp; there is not such a fury upon earth!

Cl. [*Aside.*] These are odd liberties with a person who does not belong to him!

ss. I'll play the hypocrite for her no more; the world shall know her true character; they shall know—But her maid there.

Cl. Her maid!

in. (*L. corner.*) Why, yes, sir, to say truth, I am but her maid, Olivia's maid, after all.

Cl. [*Apart.*] Dear Minette, speak for me, or I am now undone!

in. [*Apart.*] I will, ma'am. [*Crossing to Julio, L. c.*] I must confess, sir, there never was so bitter a tempered creature as my lady is. I have borne her humours for two years; I have seen her by night and by day. [*Apart to Olivia, who pulls her sleeve impatiently.*] I will—I will! [*Julio*] And of this I am sure, that if you marry her, you will rue the day every hour the first month, and hang yourself the next! There, madam, I have done it roundly!

[*Exit, L.*]

Cl. [*Aside.*] I am undone! I am caught in my own snare!

when you tell me of . . . which speaks in words, conscious blushes on her cheeks?—Is it that which bends her lovely eyes to earth?

Cæs. Ay, she's only bending 'em to earth, considering how to afflict me with some new obstinacy;—she'll break out like a tigress in a moment.

Jul. It cannot be! Are you, charming woman, such a creature?

Oli. [*Looking downward.*] Yes, to all mankind—but one!

Jul. But one!—Oh! might that excepted one be me!

Oli. Would you not fear to trust your fate with her, you have cause to think so hateful?

Jul. No; I'd bless the hour that bound my fate to her's. Permit me, sir, to pay my vows to this fair vixen.

Cæs. What! are you such a bold man as that? Pooh! But, if you are, 'twill be only lost time: she'll contrive, some way or other, to return your vows upon your hands.

Oli. If they have your authority, sir, I will return them—only with my own.

Cæs. What's that?—What did she say? My head is giddy with surprise!

Jul. [*Catching her hand.*] And mine with rapture!

Cæs. [*Crossing to Olivia.*] Don't make a fool of me, Olivia! Wilt marry him?

Oli. When you command me, sir.

Cæs. [*Delighted.*] My dear Don Julio! thou art my guardian angel!—Shall I have a son-in-law at last?—
[*Crossing to them.*] Garcia—Vincentio! could you have thought it?

Gar. No, sir; if we had, we should have saved that lady much trouble: 'tis pretty clear now *why* she was a vixen.

Vin. Yes, yes, 'tis clear enough; and I beg your pardon, madam, for the share of trouble I gave you. But pray have the goodness to tell me sincerely—what do you think of a crash?

ACT IV.] A BOLD STROKE FOR A HUSBAND. 63

I love music, Don Vincentio;—I admire your skill; whenever you'll give me a concert, I shall be obliged. You could not have pleased me so well, if you had done me!

[Crosses to L.
[Looking off, R.] Ah! here comes Victoria and Carlos!

Enter DON CARLOS and VICTORIA, R.

[Victoria.] My friend, you are happy—'tis in your interest I need not ask the event.

. What, is this Don Carlos, whom Victoria gave us to know? Sir, you come in happy hour!

. I do, indeed, for I am most happy.

My dear Carlos, what has new-made thee thus, this morning?

. A wife. Marry, Julio—marry!

What, this advice from you?

. Yes; and when you have married an angel—when an angel has done for you such things, as makes your wife almost equal to your love, you may then guess something of what I feel, in desiring this angel mine.

Now, I trust, Don Julio, after all this, that if I do you the honour of my hand, you'll treat me cruelly, very bad man, that I, like my exemplary cousin—

. Hold, Olivia! 'tis not necessary that a husband should be faulty, to make a wife's character exemplary.—I will be tenderly watchful of your happiness, your gratitude will give a thousand graces to your conduct; whilst the purity of your manners, and the nice honour of your life, in you the approbation of those, whose praise is fame.

Pretty, and matrimony! Thank you, my dear!—We have each struck a bold stroke to-day: yours has been to aim a husband—mine, to get one;—but the most important is yet to be obtained—the approbation of our

at meed withheld, our labours have been vain,—withoutless my jests, and doubly keen your pain.

ught we their plaudits and their praise provoke, for bold should then be term'd a happy stroke!

POSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

R. CAR. VIC. OLIVIA. JULIO. VIN. GAR.

L.

Now there's a peace, you may have men enough.
 They want a leg, perhaps - what's that to you?
 They're Frenchmen only who make use of *two*.
 Then stay your whining - let your bold strokes cease;
 Each wound in war is a bold stroke for peace."
 How weak your wit, ye lords of the creation,
 When set to find a woman's inclination!
 Her heart, though ice, the virgin fair and young,
 Without an ear, with double share of tongue,—
 Let the fond youth she likes but once appear,—
 His dulcet voice with rapture she can hear:
 If she could frown, by smiles her pride's disarm'd;
 She has a heart, when love that heart has warm'd.
 No tones discordant now - not even nay;
 While sighs to sighs responsive seem to say,
 In accents sweet, "Love, honour, and obey!" }
 Dear Liberty, farewell! From babe to wife,
 I've led a pretty, happy, chequer'd life;—
 I'll tell you how—the tale's not very long;
 But, if you please, I'll give it you in song.

When I was a little baby,
 Plump and round as may be,
 For a lullaby I'd fret and cry,
 When I was a little baby.
 But, at six years old, how froward!
 Naughty girl - untoward,
 To dress my doll, and prate like Poll,
 A naughty girl, untoward.
 At twelve, what a blooming flower!
 Around me every hour
 Butterflies gay, to sip and play,
 Flew round this blooming flower.
 At sweet sixteen, so pretty,
 All I said was witty;
 A charming lass - so said my glass,
 At dear sixteen so pretty.
 Love's dart no more to parry,
 At twenty-two to marry,
 To one dear youth I plight my truth,
 And that's the youth I'll marry.
 With him I'll toy and play so,—
 He'll wonder why I stay so.
 But your applause must crown my cause;
 So clap your hands, and say so.

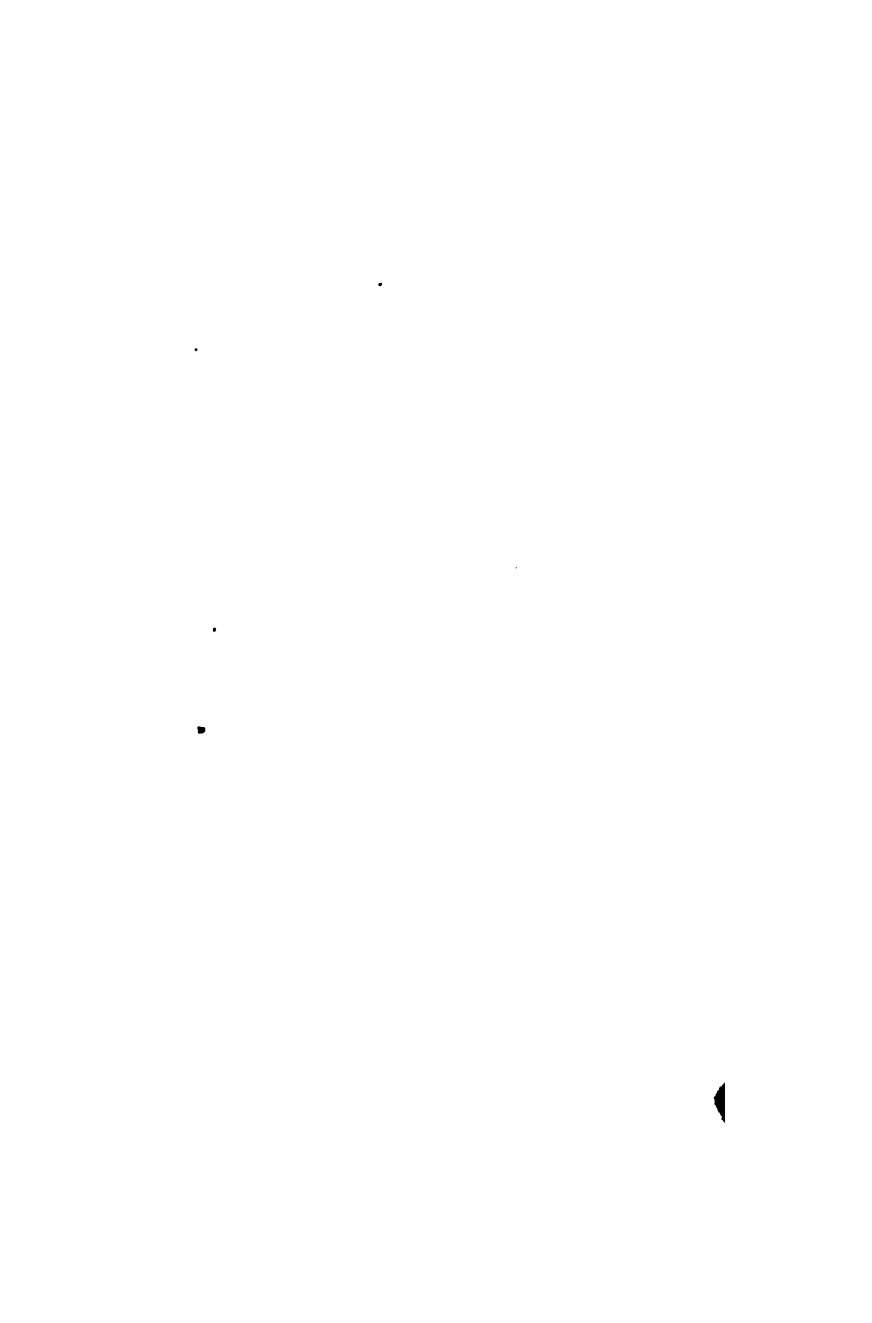
THE END.

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